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Vol. CLIX No. 2083 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC DECEMBER 23 1939

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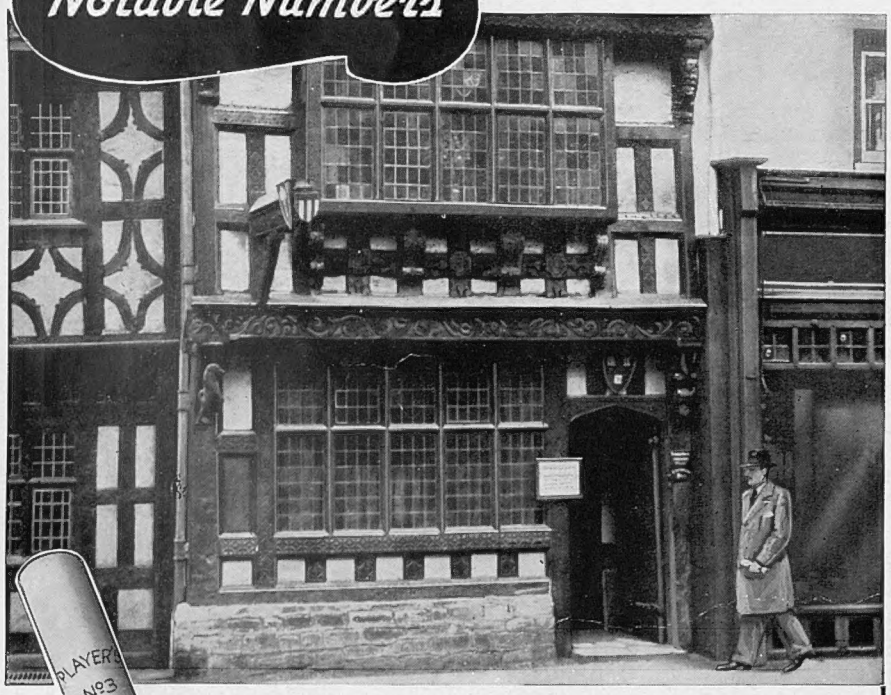

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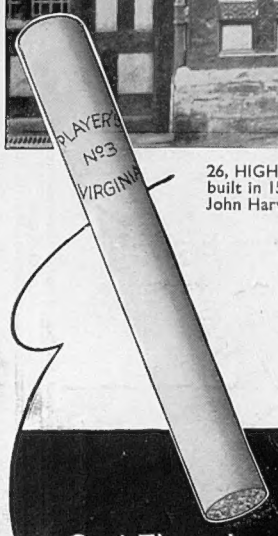

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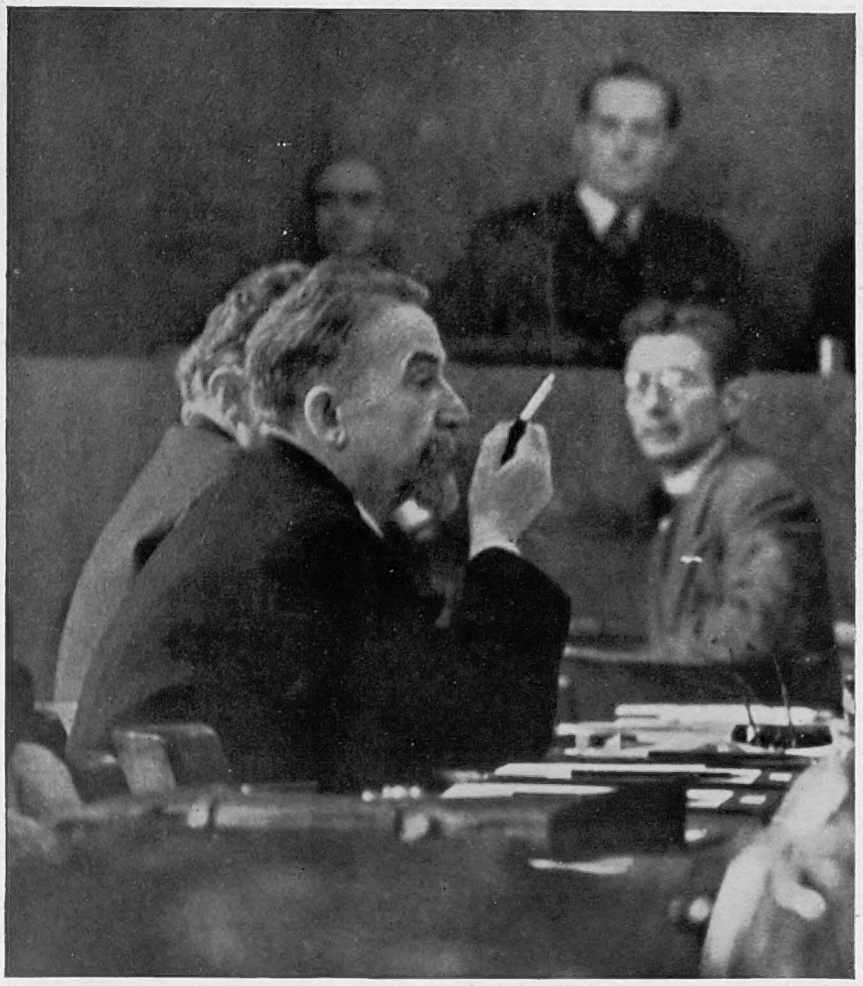


THE LONE FIGURE AT THE LEAGUE

During the meeting of the League of Nations at Geneva to discuss the position of Russia in relation to Finland, M. Jaques Souritz was the sole representative of the Soviet. He was a lonely figure, shunned by practically every other nation's representatives. In the result, by expelling Russia from the League and upholding gallant little Finland, the League staged what is described as a "remarkable 'come-back' when the whole world thought it practically moribund"

be no permanent peace. And when there is peace, goodwill may slowly follow, perhaps, when the achievements of science in our day are once more diverted to sane and decent purposes for the benefit and not for the destruction and seduction of nations. We have a measure of peace in our hearts because we are at work on a job that needs doing and a greater than normal measure of goodwill towards our fellows who share our work. And this Christmastide those things comprise our ration (and no mean one) of the season's spiritual fare.

"THE BRITISH CASE"—A CHRISTMAS BOOK.—Lord Lloyd (and with him Lord Halifax) has closely identified those two coincidents of this season—Christmas and the war. We are fighting to save the modern civilisation of Europe, which was, he says, built up, built on, and moulded by, the ideals of Christianity: "Man redeemed by Christ can never again be enslaved to man." This little pamphlet, *The British Case*, published by Eyre and Spottiswoode, is the result of immense pains, of a most careful study of documents accepted as authoritative, of the lifelong experience of a great administrator. It is lucidly written, often brilliantly pointed and, I think, fairly stated. I have only one quarrel with it—its title. Why do we talk of our "case"? Does Right and Justice need to plead? The answer is, no doubt, that in this struggle of right against evil there are still neutrals. Based on Christian ideals, our civilisation in Europe maintains its freedom solely on the idea of the nation-state with its realised community of interests and its traditional historic associations. To acquiesce in the subjugation of European states to a single ruler would be to turn our backs not only on Christianity but on history. There are some very telling truths expressed in a sentence in this pamphlet. The policy and inconsistencies of Hitler are admirably brought out in the simile of the bad farmer who takes out of his land more than he puts in, and can only save himself from bankruptcy by acquiring more and more virgin land for the same ruinous policy.

The condition to which Europe has been brought in the past decades by the policy of aggression is very clearly put by this sentence: "How many people under forty realise that this is the first period of history since the birth of Christ when men could not travel freely from one country to another without the permission of any government?" And civilisation's debt to Germany is clearly qualified and acknowledged in this sentence: "It was not to the German Empire but to the small German states of which it had been so hurriedly composed, that the world owes a cultural debt of gratitude."

MEN LIKE SHEEP.—I believe that this Christmas, as at Christmas 1914, at some points in the Battle Line efforts towards an unofficial armistice would very likely be made if the trench lines were sited as then. Such efforts, no doubt undesirable, are prevented by the width which separates the main lines of defence to-day. It was not so with those well-remembered unofficial armistices in 1914 when the first salutes and signals were shouted across no man's land and men from each side rose from their trenches fearlessly, to meet at the barbed wire and exchange jests and puddings. There were other factors which made it possible in 1914. The poison of the wireless had not then lashed millions of young Germans to regard the British as their greatest enemies, pledged to destroy them. The word "encirclement" then was spoken by the average German with his tongue in his cheek, a political device for the use of politicians. Indeed, despite all efforts of the propagandists of 1914–18, the senior officers of the German regular services maintained most zealously their respect for their opponents and their personal friendships with British soldiers and sailors. I was reminded the other day by a diplomat of an occasion, of which he was a witness, at Bruges as late as 1917. At a big naval dinner there German naval officers spoke long at the table of happy days spent in England and various sea ports with British friends and, as each memory was recalled, pledged in a glass of wine the British officer concerned. It is difficult to imagine that such a thing could be repeated to-day. Goebbels and his poison machine have made it impossible. But still to-day, as then, the bestiality and imbecility of war are as clear and as detestable to the majority of fighters on both sides as they were then. And when the German nation breaks free from the shackles which enslave and imprison its souls and minds, the nightmare of senseless destruction will assuredly end. May that enfranchisement and return of sanity come to the German nation before it is too late for Germany and for the remaking on a sound basis of security and trust and fellowship of the European system which is now in the melting-pot. As I have said before, it is the post-war spirit of Europe towards the conquered which will make or mar the next peace. And since that spirit will depend on the methods by which the German people conduct the war they forced on Europe, it is they who will make or mar the peace.

OBJECT LESSONS.—The major events of the war at the end of the year have been the campaign in Finland, the League's meetings, ending in the expulsion of Russia, and the sea battle off Montevideo. The first two, considered side by side, afford a tragic sidelight on the failure hitherto of an ideal in which a majority of sane men believe. A minority of sane men still believe that war can never be outlawed and must ever remain, at the best of it, the final method of arbitrament. A majority turn their faces from that black conclusion and have faith that the ideals of the League may one day materialise and refound civilisation on a secure basis. To-day its failure and futility stand out in tragic clearness. A ring of "neutrals" watch the fight between good and evil waged by two great powers on either side. Fear and the inability to get together and combine against tyranny and brutality prolong the struggle during which, individual and unsupported, the smaller nations one by one are swallowed up and all suffer in varying degrees of severity the same injuries which are inflicted on combatants. When little Finland's turn came her gallant defence of her freedom showed the Allies and the ring of trembling neutrals just how effectively the League sanction would have worked against aggression, if unity and co-operation could have been secured and the ideals of the League implemented. As things are, words take the place of deeds and a carefully phrased formula, meaning nothing, is all the aid which can be afforded to Finland in her gallant fight and all the contribution to shortening a war which hits each neutral as hard as it hits each combatant. What does Russia care for expulsion? She laughs, as Germany does, to see the sheep scattered and the weaker and more isolated at the mercy of the wolves. There are lessons, too, to be learned from the glorious battle off Montevideo. The men who died, died praising the courage of the other side. "When men show that sort of courage," said the German commander of the battered *Graf Spee*, "hatred dies." It never exists until lashed into activity by one man or a small gang of men who for personal ambitions or other base causes bring about war.

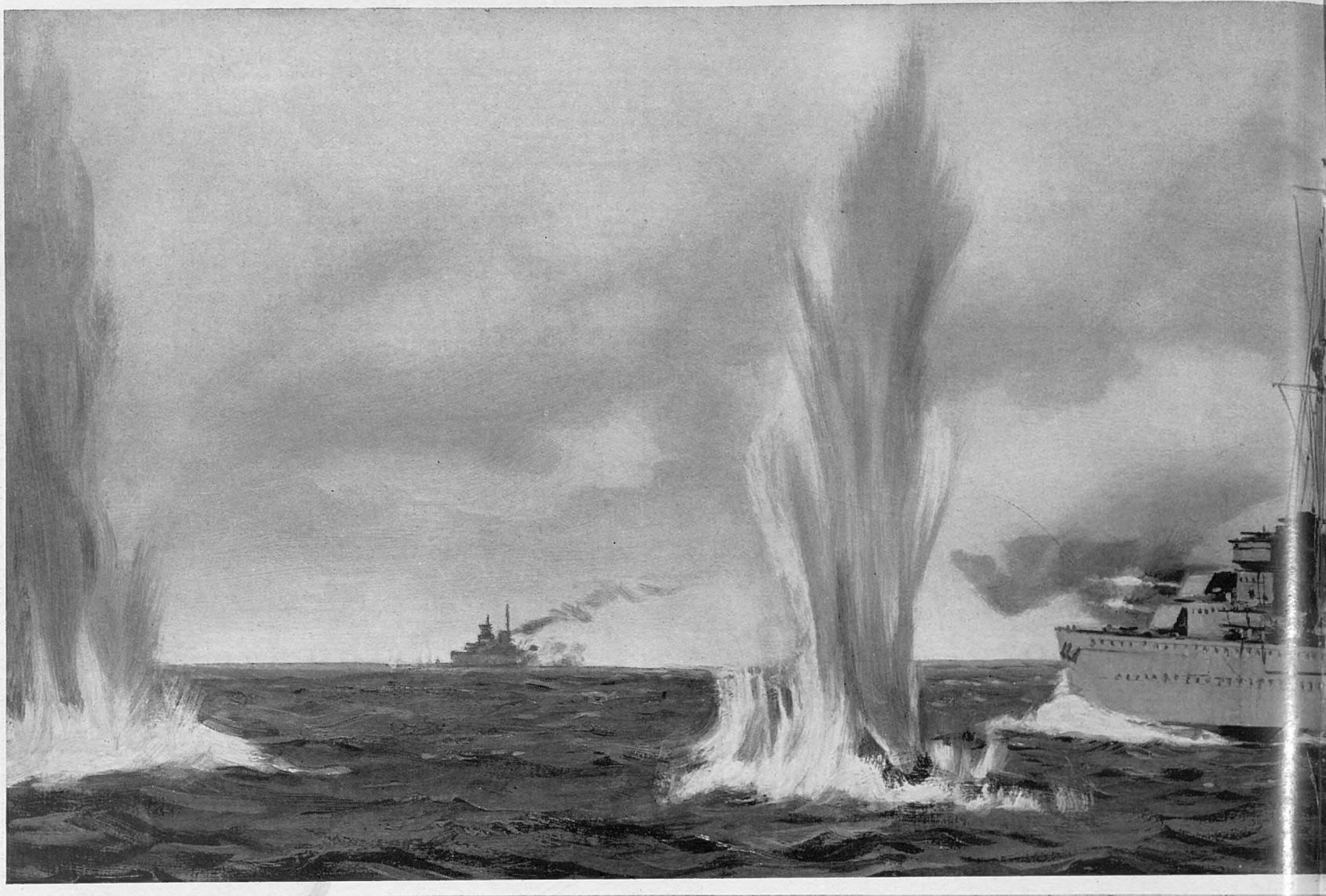
THE OLD STAGER

WINTER SPORT IN GREAT BRITAIN

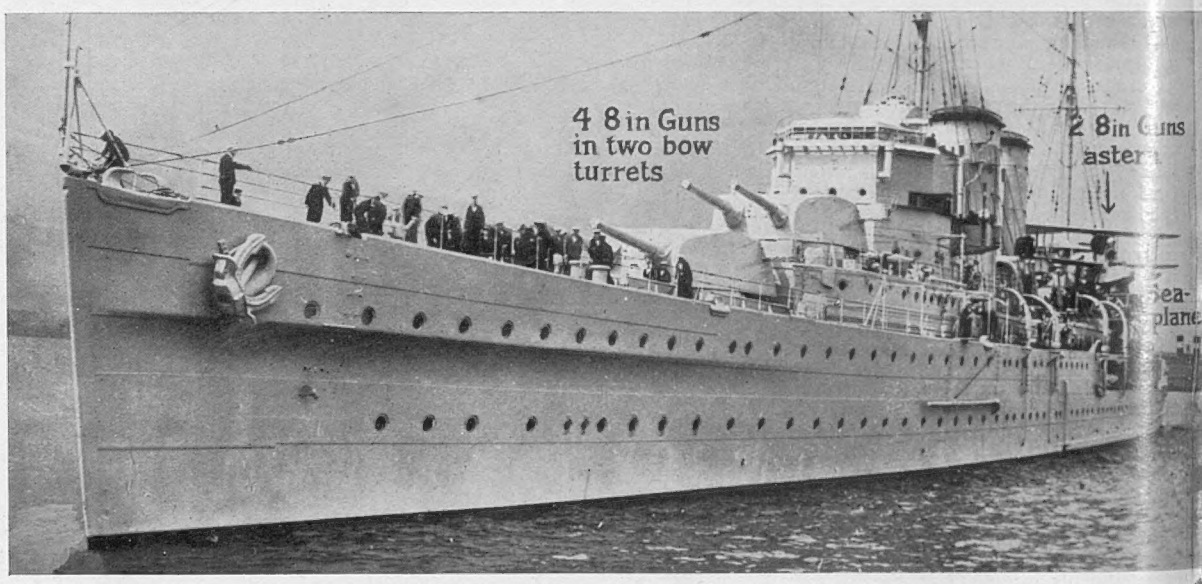
Despite the war, quite a considerable amount of sporting activity is still going on throughout the country. This delightfully rural picture was taken a few days ago at a meet of the Guildford and Shere Beagles at the Half Moon Inn, at Thursley, near Guildford

THE RUNNING FIGHT BETWEEN THE GERMAN POCKET

How the Heavily-armed German Ship Was Forced to Take Refuge in Montevideo Harbour, After Being



WHERE THE FIGHT TOOK PLACE: *It was off the South American coast that the* Graf Spee *and the little* Ajax *saw one another*

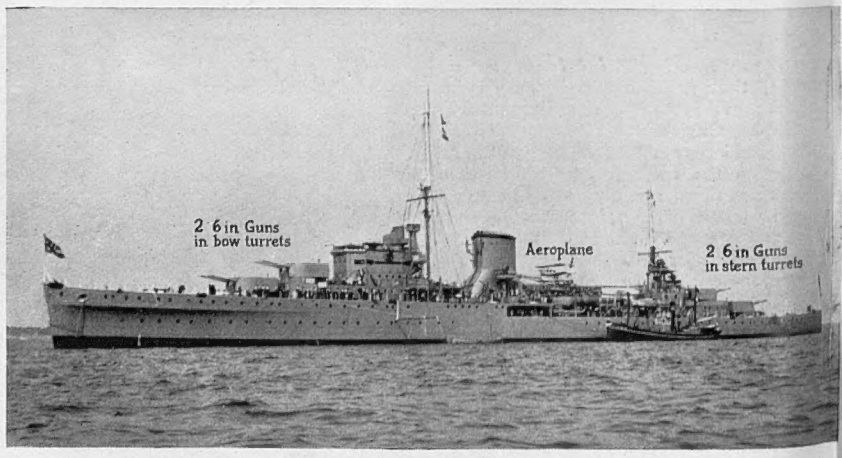


H.M.S. "EXETER" AND HER SIX 8-IN. GUNS

The guns of this 1931 cruiser were a decisive factor in the running fight. Most of the firing must have taken place from her forward 8-in. gun turrets; the Exeter *was not heavily armoured*

THE FLAGSHIP OF THE LITTLE SQUADRON OF THREE BRITISH CRUISERS

The Ajax *had no guns bigger than 6-in., but she handled these nimbly enough. They can fire about twelve rounds per minute*



H.M.S. "ACHILLES," THE THIRD VESSEL IN THE LITTLE SQUADRON

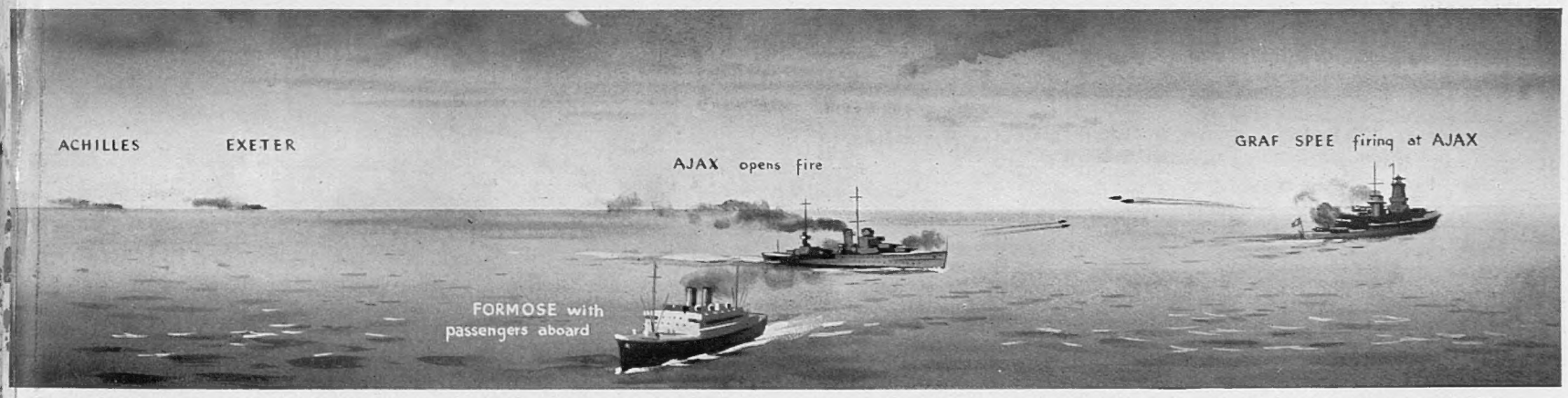
She also only boasted a 6-in. gun armament. Her speed is 32–34 knots. All three vessels seem to have kept well together without any embarrassing engine failure

BATTLESHIP "GRAF SPEE" and THREE BRITISH CRUISERS

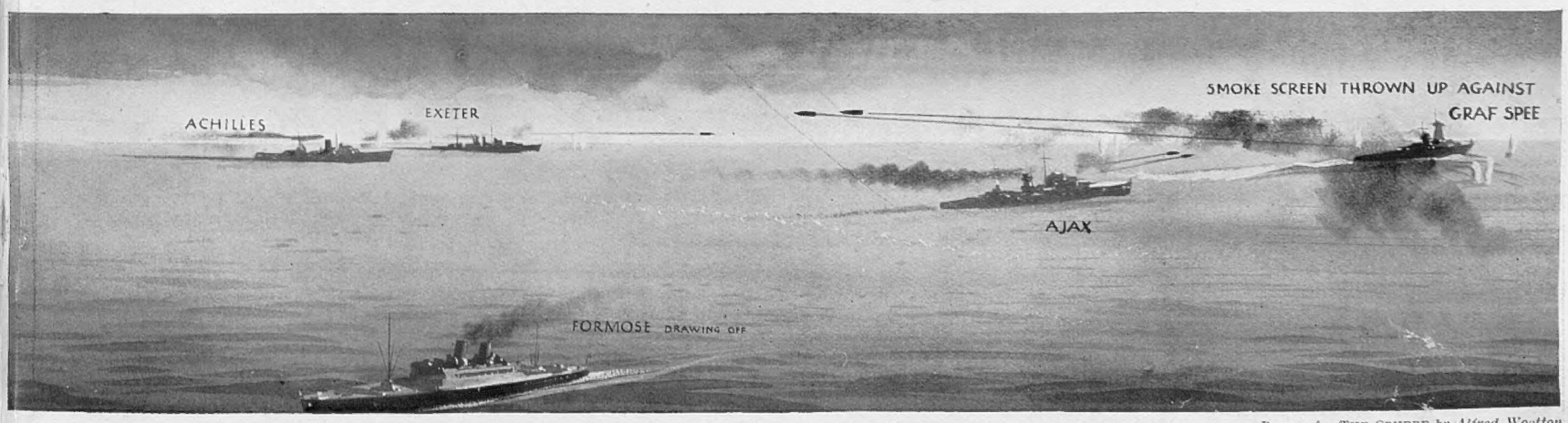
g Severely Punished by Her Small Antagonists — Told in a Series of "Sphere" Drawings and Diagrams

Drawn for THE SPHERE *by Montague Dawson*

IN THE SECOND PHASE OF THE FIGHT, *which began in the morning of Wednesday, December 13, two British cruisers appear after the wireless summons had been sent out by the commander of the little force of cruisers in South Atlantic waters. Standing on the bridge of the* Ajax *he could see the big upper structure of the* Graf Spee *ahead of him. He calls* Exeter *and* Achilles *(thank heaven* Exeter *has 8-in. guns) to join in the attack. At the moment they are below the horizon, but soon their smoke is visible and a little later they are bulking up, their engines bursting to add something to their 32–34 knots. Soon they are within range of the enemy. It is this moment that "*The Sphere's*" artist has illustrated. In the forefront is H.M.S.* Exeter, *already under fire from the* Graf Spee, *with H.M.S.* Achilles *in the middle distance*



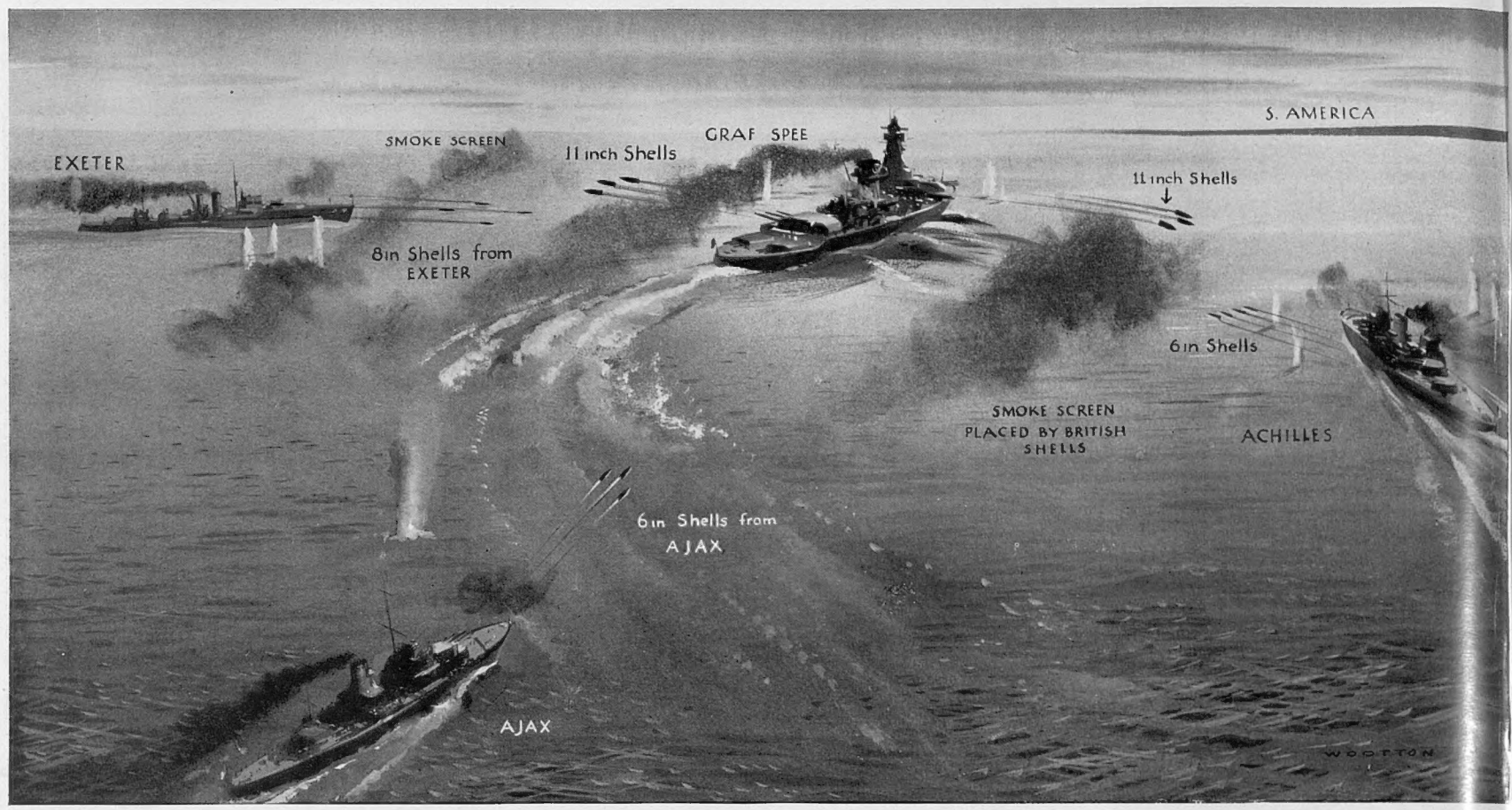
THE FIRST PHASE OF THE "GRAF SPEE" FIGHT *took place about 6 a.m. on Wednesday morning of last week. Which British ship would find the German raider? Fate determined that it should be the little* Ajax, *6-in. gun cruiser, which was convoying the French cargo and passenger ship* Formose. *The* Graf Spee *attacked the ship and was engaged by the* Ajax, *the pocket battleship replied, and so the historic fight began*



Drawn for THE SPHERE *by Alfred Wootton*

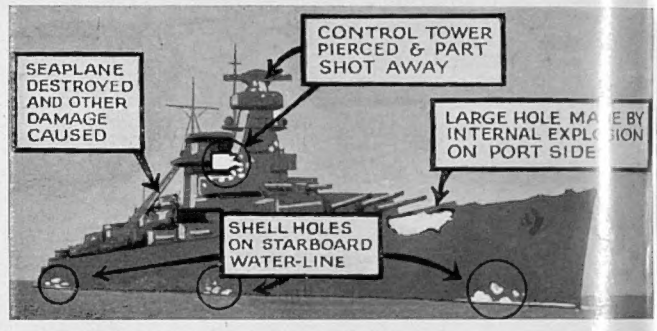
THE INITIAL DUAL OF DAVID AND GOLIATH *was followed by the appearance of two other British cruisers,* Exeter *and* Achilles. *All three got together and began to throw smoke screens round the German raider with her threatening 11-in. guns. If her mighty shells had got home in precise fashion there would have been little left of the trio of cruisers. But they were three nimble terriers of the sea and evidently took every advantage which the day offered*

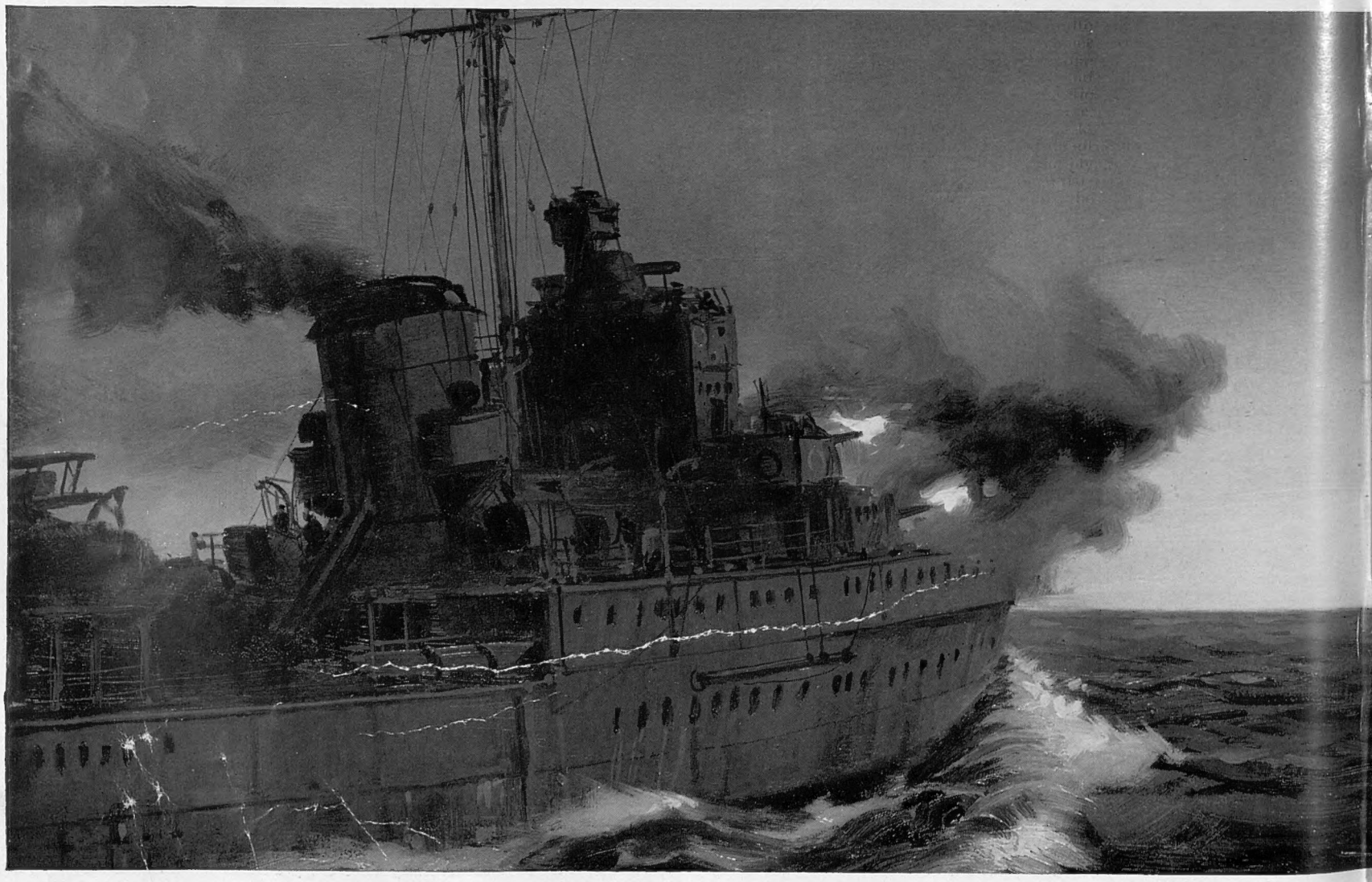
How the "Graf Spee" Fight Went On as the Sun Sank in the West

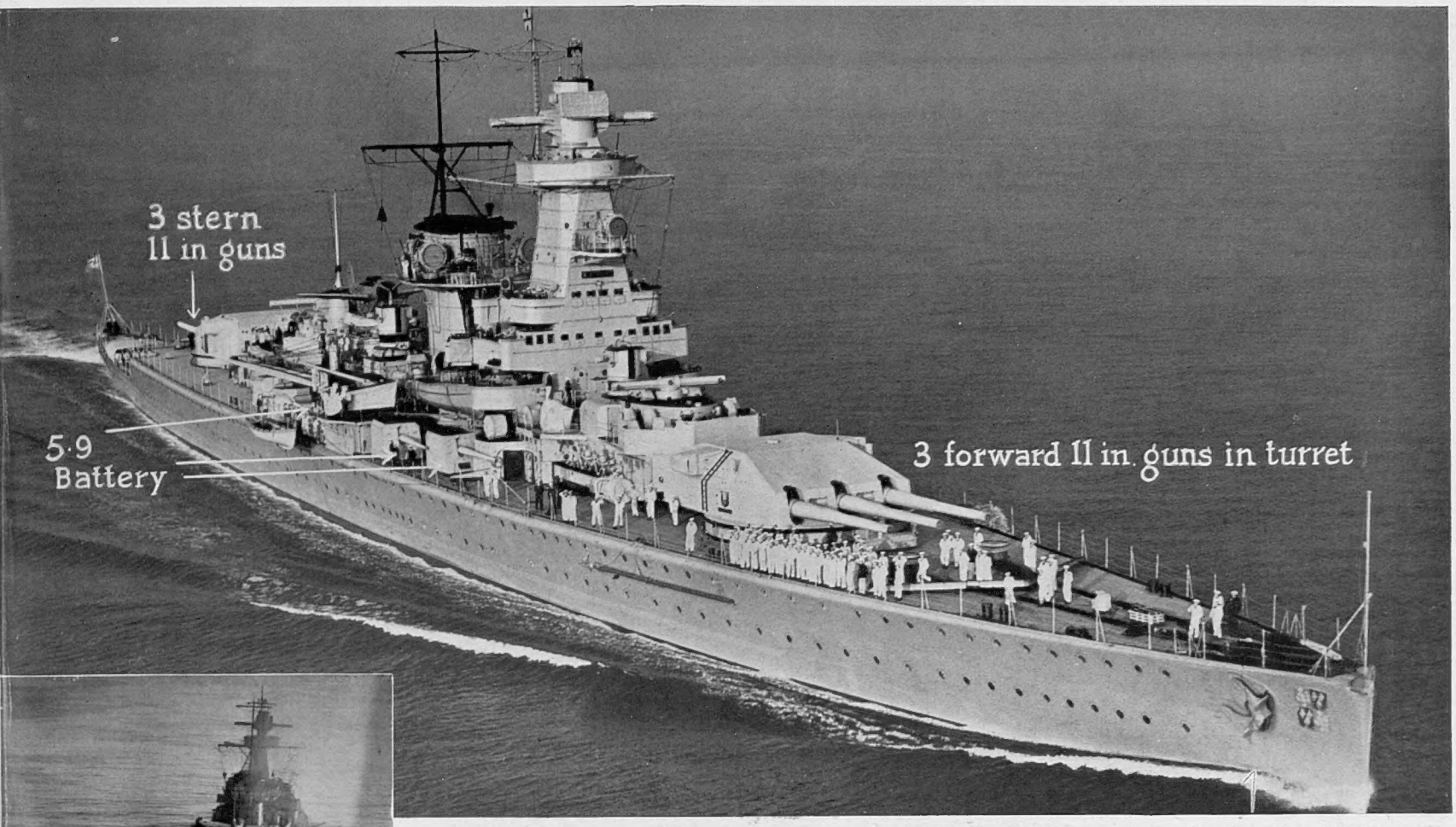


THE PURSUIT OF THE "GRAF SPEE" AS SHE PASSED SOUTHWARDS NEAR THE PUNTA DEL ESTE: Diagrammatic drawing by Frank Wootton

The third phase found the three cruisers following the Graf Spee, *and with great daring closing the range at times to a mile as they steamed southwards and approached the Punta del Este, the headland at the mouth of the huge River Plate. The* Exeter, *with her useful 8-in. guns, was determined to cripple the raider if it were possible. She seems to have vitally damaged the enemy on the port side, and this doubtless eased matters materially for her two associates, small but veritable spitfires. She herself suffered heavily during this process and had to fall back, leaving the terrier-worrying to the 6-inchers. One of them evidently sought and found the water-line of the* Graf Spee *at the bows and at the stern. The German commander says it was the* Ajax *which damaged his fire control.* On right *is a small diagram showing where shell damage appears on the starboard side of the* Graf Spee







THE EXPENSIVE GERMAN POCKET BATTLESHIP RAIDER "GRAF SPEE" *which bore the word "Coronel" proudly on her superstructure is here seen as she steamed down the Channel on her last cruise to Spanish waters for manœuvres. Her big 11-in. guns are thrust forward in front of a massive much-terraced superstructure within which is found the main control mechanism of the ship. This appears to have been twice punctured by British shells.* On left—*The stern of the* Graf Spee, *showing the eight deck torpedoes which failed to come into the story*

THE PROTAGONISTS IN THE SEA FIGHT.

	GERMAN	BRITISH	BRITISH	BRITISH
NAME	Admiral Graf Spee	Exeter	Achilles	Ajax
CLASS	Pocket Battleship	Cruiser	Cruiser	Cruiser
TONNAGE	10,000	8,390	7,030	6,985
SPEED	26 knots	32-34 knots	32-34 knots	32-34 knots
ARMAMENT	Six 11-in. guns. Eight 5.9-in. guns. Six 4.1-in. A.A. guns. Eight 3-pdr. A.A. guns. Ten machine guns. Eight 21-in. torpedo tubes.	Six 8-in. guns. Four 4-in. A.A. guns. Four 3-pdr. guns. Fourteen smaller guns. Six 21-in. torpedo tubes.	Eight 6-in. guns. Four 4-in. A.A. guns. Four 3-pdr. guns. Ten smaller guns. Eight 21-in. torpedo tubes.	Eight 6-in. guns. Eight 4-in. A.A. guns. Four 3-pdr. guns. Ten smaller guns. Eight 21-in. torpedo tubes.
CREW	926	600	550	550
AEROPLANES	Two—with catapult	Two—with two catapults	One—with catapult	Two—one catapult
BUILT	1936	1931	1933	1935
COST	£3,750,000	£1,800,000	£1,500,000	£1,480,097

Drawn for THE SPHERE *by Montague Dawson*

On left—

THE CLOSING PHASE OF THE CONFLICT AS THE SUN SET OVER THE ESTUARY OF THE RIVER PLATE:

As the sun began to approach the western horizon the Graf Spee *found herself backed by the clear evening light while the British cruisers were in comparative shadow from the coast line of Paraguay.* Ajax *and* Achilles *struck in towards the headland, Punta del Este, to take advantage of the situation, but the* Graf Spee *could not endure this for long, and bore off to the south-east, continuously worried by the two smaller cruisers, the wounded* Exeter *standing to the north, but helping with a salvo from time to time. It was not until darkness had fallen that the* Graf Spee *altered course to the north-west and the sanctuary of an inner basin of the harbour of Montevideo. It was then discovered that she had been hit thirteen times, and had thirty-eight dead and sixty seriously wounded on board*

Our series of drawings are concerned with the Graf Spee's *sea fight and her final flight into neutral harbourage—not with her terrible end. But we must here record that, after a day of hectic patching up of wounds to her hull, the* Graf Spee *proceeded at 6.19 on Sunday evening from the inner harbour of Montevideo out into the middle of the estuary, where at 7.25 p.m. she was scuttled by a skeleton crew which had remained on board to carry out the desperate order of self-destruction*

HOW WE STAND IN THIS FIRST WAR-TIME CHRISTMAS

A Review of Britain's Strategical Position by Land and Sea (The Strategy of the War—XIII)

By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

LAST week I put forward much food for thought. I tried to visualise the present situation and the future. Nothing has happened during the past week to alter the situation. We have apparently taken over a bit more line from the French, the weather is vile, and the troops are as happy and contented as one can expect in the circumstances. One reads and hears of the concert parties, and the applause of the troops is always a joy. We did not have these things in the last war. They had to be organised locally, and very locally.

The first concert party, I remember, was arranged by the 4th Division at Armentieres, and I think it was from that very first party that the lady of that name became famous. I also remember attending a concert at Reninghelst in the Ypres salient, when a very famous comedian in the 41st Division, under Major-General Sir Sidney Lawford, gave us an excellent entertainment. There was also a concert at our Second Army Headquarters at Cassel, at which my old chief, Lord Plumer, was present.

I think there were only two performers, one was a man from the Westminster Cathedral Choir, a bass or double bass; his notes came from well beneath the basement of the Abbey. The other was Mr. Kennerley Rumford, who sang eleven songs to us in an atmosphere of smoke that it was difficult to see through. He is a personal friend of mine; I shall never forget him that night. There was something very wonderful about that man, at the zenith of his career, singing and enjoying the pleasure he was giving to all of us, from field-marshal to private.

Our day was before the days of wireless. We had no idea what was happening in any other part of the world. We just lived in our own backyard. Mine was the Ypres salient. I thought of nothing else. I never served anywhere else except for four months in Italy. The Ypres salient was just my horizon. I knew every inch of it. I knew the swans in the moat at Ypres. They stuck it out. I love the French dictum of the Maginot Line—*On ne passe pas*. I only wish that we had had something similar for Ypres. They were brave men who held the Ypres salient against great odds. There are brave men again to-day who are prepared to do the same.

I suppose one of the outstanding points of the past week has been the calling together of some remnants of the old League of Nations. Except to expel Russia, who had in any case refused to attend, it is not clear that any particular result has been obtained. Meantime, Finland continues her gallant defence. Though the Russians are trying hard to cut her in half they have not succeeded yet and the steam-roller does not appear to be working too smoothly at the moment—it keeps jamming. Material help is being sent to Finland in the shape of aeroplanes, etc., but one only hopes that it will arrive in time.

Hitler remains quiet, but he is evidently watching the result with great interest. He must be saying to himself that the Poland outrage was all right as that was a share and share alike affair, but in the Baltic business he does not appear likely to have a single share, the one place on which he used to set such store.

Meantime, the situation on the Western Front is the same. The chief activity appears to be the arrangements for Christmas leave. I was amused a few nights ago on entering a London station to see a large number of guardsmen practising how other men should go on a bit of leave. I did a lot of odd jobs during my forty-seven years in the Army, but I certainly never tried to imagine myself as someone else going on leave. I quite realise that the soldiers will, on arrival, find London much darker than the "Somewhere" from which they have come. If they have another rehearsal I think it would only be fair to the guardsmen to practise finding sweethearts in a black-out!

The past week has revealed several more splendid feats performed by the R.A.F. both over sea and land. Sir Kingsley Wood's statement regarding the great work already performed and the future prospects of production and reinforcements was indeed comforting. It is outside my province to comment on events at sea, so I must confine myself to ever increasing admiration for the bravery and determination of all those engaged upon the seas, whether Navy, Mercantile Marine, or fishermen, to free those seas for the safe transit of our own ships and those of our friends

The accounts of the battle with the *Graf Spee* just fill us with pride and admiration for the officers and men of our much under-gunned cruisers who, without one moment's hesitation, went for the *Graf Spee* and drove her, badly damaged, to shelter in Montevideo Harbour prior to her own act of self-destruction. The situation reminds me of the late Spanish War when a Red destroyer, *Jose Luis Diez*, with a great hole in her, sought refuge in Gibraltar Harbour. For months General Franco's warships lay outside watching for her to try to effect her escape. They were rewarded in the end. One night after I had left Gibraltar, she made the attempt, but was spotted and driven ashore and interned. The same might well have happened to the *Graf Spee*.

To me the naval success is just what was wanted to bring home to the nation the grimness of this business on which we are engaged; an answer to critics who, as Lord Chatfield said recently, declare that the war had not yet begun. Perhaps they will recognise now what those at sea have been enduring for their country all this time. That in itself should give the answer to so many people who are only too ready to be quite satisfied that nothing can possibly happen before the spring, and that they can, therefore, go along quite happily with their normal lives and merely grumble at the black-out and other restrictions. It is very wrong and very unfair. If we cannot see the work of those at sea, we can see with our own eyes at every turn and in almost every field, those men who for the first four months have never ceased their watch by day or night, with their fingers always ready to start the searchlights and anti-aircraft guns to deal with enemy raiders. On their ever readiness depends a great deal, and where they have been engaged they have certainly given good proof of their efficiency.

Let us also remember that these men live in isolated fields under very lonely and uncomfortable conditions. A kind word and a hot bath means a lot to them. I make this point because headlines such as "Christmas as usual" cannot be pleasant reading to them. Christmas cannot be "as usual." We are at war and fighting for our very existence, and we have got to go on fighting this war, with no relaxation whatever, until it is won. It has to be realised that we are fighting a nation which certainly will never relax its efforts for Christmas or anything else; a nation which talks a different language; a nation which thinks differently, and which has none of our ideas of either rules of war or honesty of purpose.

I feel myself that with all this splendid response that has been made by the whole nation and our great Dominions we must just go through with the whole thing till we have knocked out Hitler and all that Hitlerism stands for. The enemy is concentrating on war, and war alone, and we must do the same. Our normal life and war do not go together.

Each day brings forth new factors. The heroic defence of the Finns has heartened everyone except the Russians. Attacks by troops on skis and the dropping of mines by parachute—all strange methods to an old soldier.

To turn to the future; we still do not know what halted Hitler at the Dutch frontier in November. Something must have, as he had practically got a leg over the fence. It may be that the centre of gravity will make a big move next year—to south-east Europe or elsewhere. It may be that Hitler and Stalin are hatching a very deep plot, into which, at the moment, Finland has made a big dent.

Rumania, in my opinion, has the most difficult role of anyone at the present time. She is pressed by Germany to produce more oil and other commodities and with little prospect of payment except by promises.

Our friends the Turks and Italians remain quiet and firm. Various messages seem to be sent to them at intervals but we do not hear of Von Papen bringing off many "scoops" these days.

General Franco seems to be busy setting his own house in order, and in that he has a big enough job.

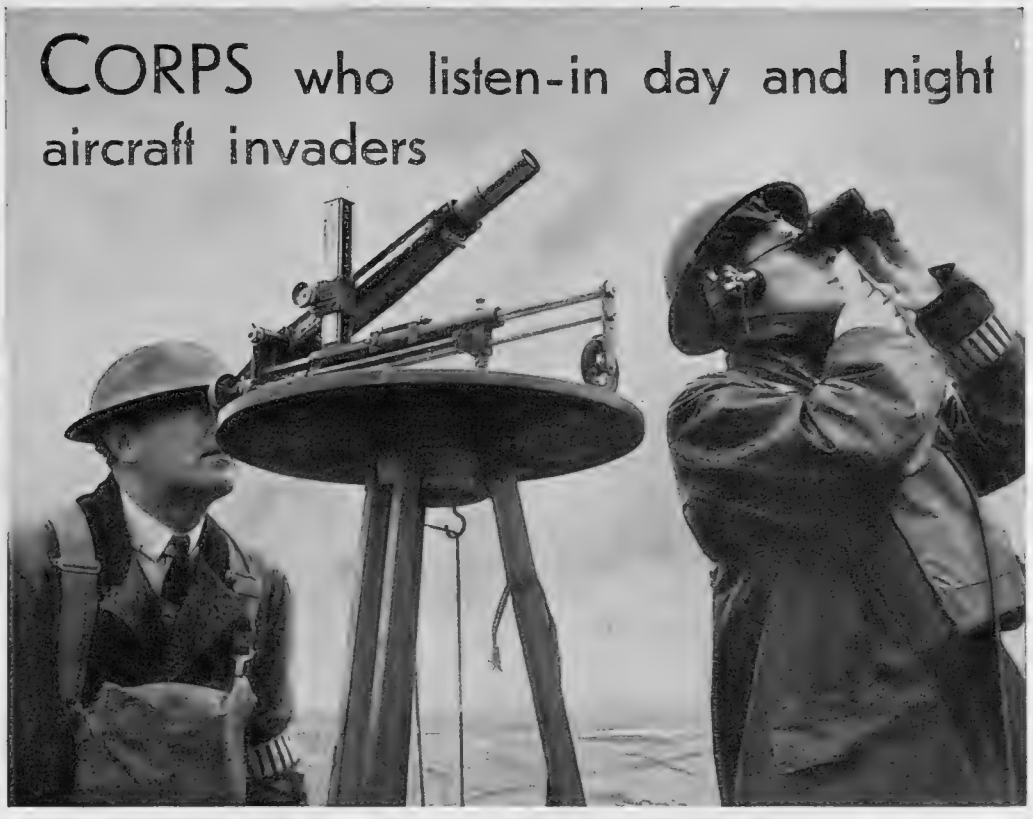
The King has his birthday, as an ordinary citizen, in the quietude of his family. How different to the historic ceremony connected with the occasion in normal times. That and every other act of the King and Queen at this time sets an example to the nation of the great task before us all. Their visits of encouragement to every form of organisation which is working for the common cause must be of great help.

I recently met Tubby Clayton—the founder-padre of Toc H in the last war, who has been working in this war to help our sailors in the north, and already some 200 small branches of Toc H have been started in various places to help our soldiers and airmen. All these branches help those who are giving of their utmost in the service of their King and country.

THE PRIME MINISTER, ON HIS ARRIVAL IN FRANCE, IS INTRODUCED TO OFFICERS OF THE FRENCH STAFF BY THE EARL OF MUNSTER

Mr. Chamberlain paid a week-end visit to the Western Front and encountered the coldest weather yet recorded since the B.E.F. landed in France. As the Prime Minister tramped from strong-point to strong-point, a few snowflakes fell; he was well protected by a thick mackintosh and scarf, no umbrella, of course, being carried during his tour. Besides the arranged inspections, there were a number of informal meetings with bodies of troops engaged on special tasks. There was a big march past of troops on Saturday, and a visit to the R.A.F., all in excessively cold weather

I.—THE OBSERVER CORPS who listen-in day and night for possible enemy aircraft invaders



BY DAY By day the devoted members of the Observer Corps keep ceaseless watch upon the skies, no matter what the weather conditions may be. *Above on right* a spotter is scanning the heavens through a special glass, while in front of him is a teller, with 'phone connecting with the local reporting centre where the movements of planes are recorded

A.A. OBSERVERS USING A SOUND LOCATOR ON THE EAST COAST

Above on right—**TELEPHONING TO A CENTRAL RECEIVING POST**

AT REST IN AN OBSERVER HUT

One member is resting while another writes out a report. *On right* a spotter is using the special plotting table devised to help the spotter to record the first details of the approach of an unidentified plane *over the land*

II.—SEARCHLIGHTS and the linking-up of group with group

A POWERFUL MODERN A.A. SEARCHLIGHT. *On left*—ANOTHER STATION, WITH THE CREW TAKING UP THEIR POSITIONS FOR DUTY AT NIGHTFALL

Those who have watched air exercises at night must have been sometimes puzzled to see a target aeroplane plainly visible in one portion of the sky while searchlight beams seek for it elsewhere. This indicates that the searchlight is being directed according to the instructions received from listeners, who obviously must not use their eyes.

Those who have not seen a listening apparatus are nevertheless familiar with its external appearance, for it has been frequently photographed for the Press. The great double horns, which look like flood-light containers, are nothing more than "ears," which, like the piano tuning-fork, require extensive and alert practice on the part of an expert if they are to be of any use.

Some idea of the difficulties can be gathered from the fact that apparatus which was reasonably satisfactory in the case of aeroplanes travelling at no more than ninety to 100 miles an hour was quite useless in the case of aeroplanes travelling at 200 miles an hour.

It is obvious that the sound-magnifiers cannot be selective. When a listening post is established in a new position, or when a new listener unaccustomed to the locality puts on the earphones, a variety of sounds must be "eliminated." The listeners must learn all these local sounds, and learn by practice how to eliminate them without conscious effort.

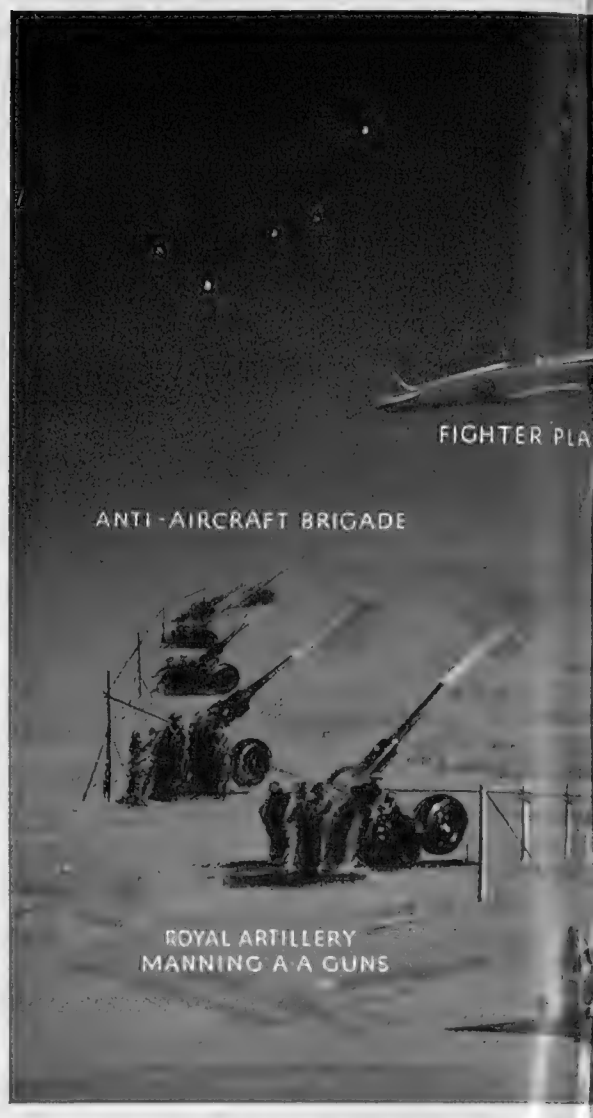
One word of explanation seems necessary. Sound locators can only indicate the course of an aeroplane. They cannot indicate its range, that is to say, its distance from the listening post.

What is now required is that by listening only, a definite "fix" of the aeroplane's position at one point along its path shall be obtained. Once this is achieved, the rest is obviously only a question of arithmetic, always provided that the aeroplane alters neither course, speed nor height between the time its position was fixed and the time that a shell can be directed upon it.

Drawn by D. Macpherson

HOLDING ADVANCING PLANES IN AN AREA OF FLOOD-LIT SKY BY DIRECTION FROM THE SOUND DETECTORS

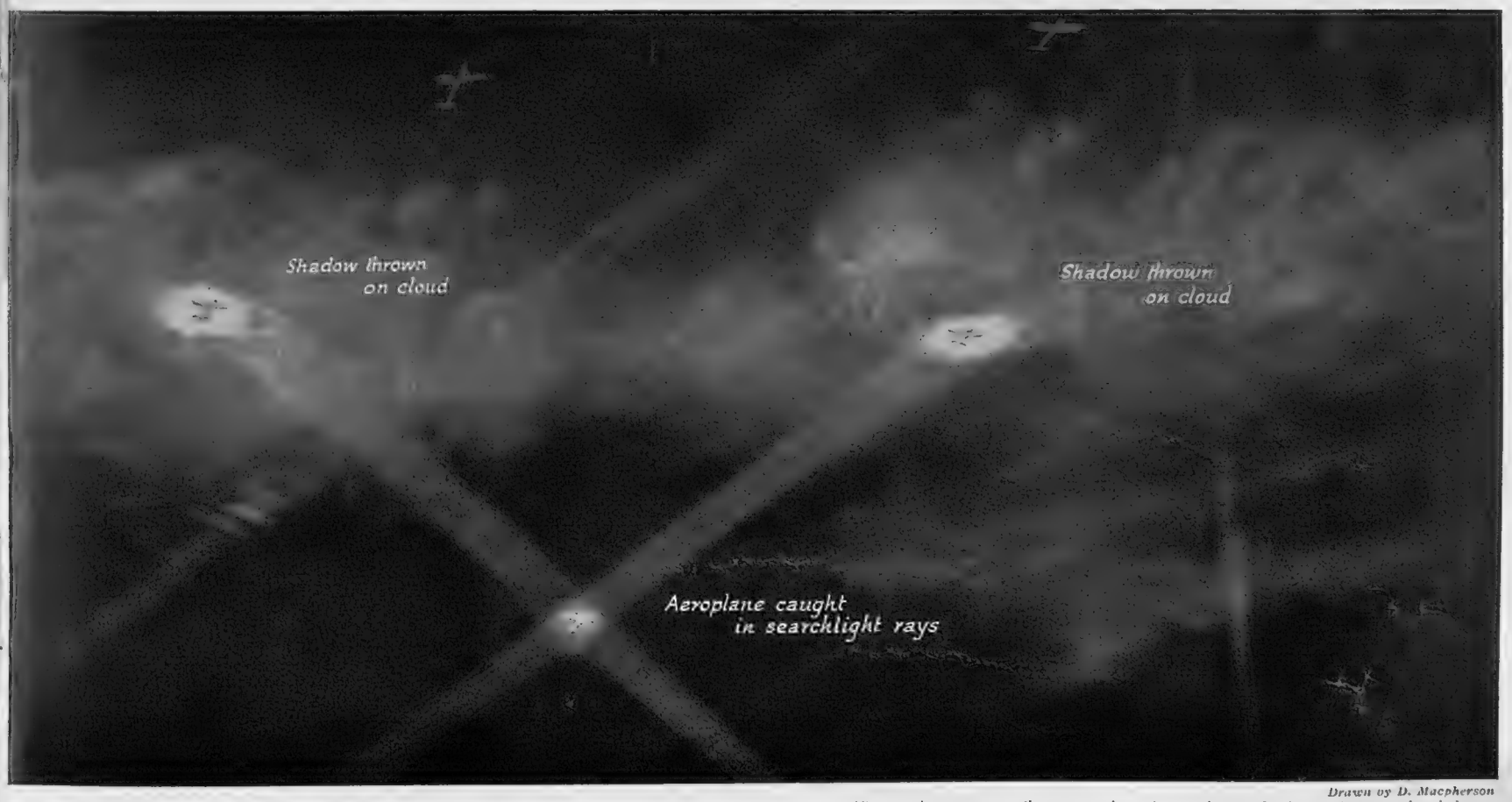
When the powerful beams flash out at a given signal they should get a "line" on the nose of an oncoming plane, thus providing the means for subsequent calculations. The rays of the searchlight are concentrated by the mirror apparatus and form a tremendously powerful beam, but it does not go on to infinity



AN A.A. CREW AT A LISTENING POST

HOW THE FIRST INTIMATION OF THE APPROACH OF ENEMY PLANES IS PASSED FROM THE OBSERVERS TO THE SEARCHLIGHT POSITIONS, THE HEIGHT-FINDERS AND PREDICTOR POSITIONS, AND TO THE GUNS AND INTERCEPTOR PLANES

Air defence is a partnership between the Royal Air Force and the Territorial Army. Therein lies its first advantage, for whereas the raider works in the air alone, the defence is organised in the air and also on the ground; it is with this section that we deal here. The fighter squadrons depend on the army troops on the ground; for in the darkness the interceptors rely upon the searchlights to show up the invader. And by day and night the anti-aircraft guns are required to bar the way to areas of special importance. Organised in small detachments, each having a searchlight, a sound locator, and a telephone, the ground defenders provide a network which forms a belt of illuminated sky deep enough to give our fighting planes room to manœuvre and attack the enemy. The guns, manned by Anti-Aircraft Brigades, Royal Artillery, have the assistance of the highly complicated and technical fire control instrument known as the "predictor." This method of fire control, which has revolutionised anti-aircraft gunnery, permits of a degree of accuracy far above anything known during the Great War. To make the picture complete, reference must be made to the Observer Corps, a band of civilians, sworn in as special constables, whose task is to report on the movement of enemy planes to any balloon barrage (Air Ministry), and to the Air Raids Precaution Department (Home Office). Suppose the scheme is in full operation one night. As the enemy aircraft approach the coast they are picked up by the trained detachments of the Observer Corps. The news is flashed to the fighter squadrons which prepare to engage the enemy. The sound locators of the searchlight crews grope for the noise of the hostile planes and, as the sound is picked up, the searchlights, as yet unmasked, turn in the required direction. On the command "expose," the searchlight flashes out, the enemy bomber is caught in the beam, and is immediately dived upon from above by our own intercepting aircraft. Such bombers as manage to evade the fighters become a target for anti-aircraft guns—mobile 3·7s and fixed 4·5s, aided by the searchlights.



Drawn by D. Macpherson

ONE OF THE MANY TRICKS WHICH THE POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHT BEAMS PLAY IN THE SKY

When the rays strike an advancing plane, if the mist or cloud is arranged in certain positions, shadows will be thrown as shown here. The illusion created, of course, is that the aircraft is in a totally different place!

THE BIG HEIGHT-FINDER—18 FT. LONG—AT A WELL-EQUIPPED A.A. POST—THE SCENE BY DAY. *On left*—THE SCENE AT NIGHT. *On right*—WORKING A BIG HEIGHT-FINDER AT NIGHT

THE HEIGHT-FINDER AND PREDICTOR STAFF COME ON DUTY FOR A NIGHT SHIFT

WHEN the average man or woman reads in a newspaper that an enemy aircraft has been brought down by A.A. fire, the impression given is that something has happened tantamount to the bringing down of a high pheasant by a skilled and practised sportsman. Yet how different is the real circumstance!

It sounds elementary, but the first essential requirement towards bringing down an aeroplane is that it shall be clearly seen for some time before it is fired at. When it is remembered that the aeroplane will be travelling at a speed of between

(*Continued below*)

(*Continued from above*)

four and six miles a minute, it will be realised that a gun crew which can get off fifteen rounds at any single aeroplane is not only a highly trained crew but is also being exceptionally favoured by the path the aeroplane happens to be following.

Most of the British A.A. batteries at home are manned by Territorials, and it has been proved that these have just those qualities of mental alertness and decision which are absolutely essential.

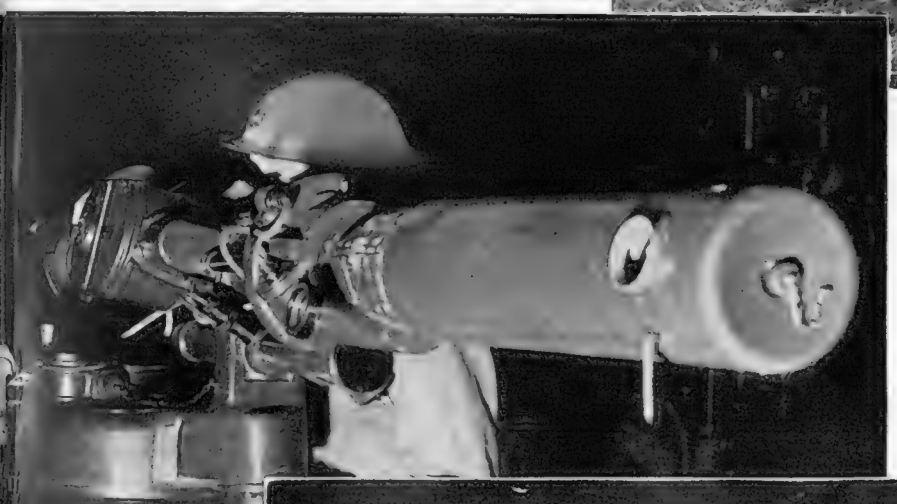
The first part of the task lies with the three men on the range-finder, an improved version of the Barr and Stroud implement which did good service in the last war. If the two readers can get a satisfactory "cut" on the nose of the aircraft, then the message they pass to the predictor crew will give accurately the distance. The test of their accuracy is "are the shells bursting at the *height* of the aeroplane?"

In the case of the predictor, rather less depends on the human element. This instrument gives the course of the aeroplane so accurately that all that is further required is that the almost instantaneous mathematical calculation provided automatically in the

III.—THE HEIGHT-FINDER and PREDICTOR

Which Tell the Gunners the Range of the Oncoming Craft

THE HEIGHT-FINDING CALCULATIONS HAVE TO BE MADE AS RAPIDLY AS POSSIBLE BY THIS SQUAD AND TRANSMITTED TO THE PREDICTOR



THE PREDICTOR IS MANNED IMMEDIATELY THE FIRST WARNING OF APPROACH IS GIVEN

The predictor is a very clever instrument for calculating what may be called the speed-range of an aeroplane. Successful results depend on the various members of the predictor crew reading accurately the results given by the predictor dials. There are several men in the crew and they must all work together quickly and accurately. The determined result is instantaneously transmitted to the guns

predictor shall be accurately read by the various members of the predictor crew.

Where then are the difficulties? It is a question of time lag. Allowing for the speed the aeroplane is travelling, the time required to find its range and course, the time required to bring the gun to correct firing position, and the time the shell will occupy on its passage through the air, it is obvious that the predictor readings must be based on a *future* position of the aeroplane. At extreme range, this position must be calculated many seconds ahead. Accuracy then can only be assured provided that the aeroplane maintains its course and height without variation of speed. Therefore the pilot of an aeroplane need only introduce variations of course, height or speed at frequent intervals to ensure that a shell accurately aimed in his direction at the time of firing shall not hit him. What are the chances of an A.A. gun making a direct hit? Not very good, except at two points. The first of these points comes when an A.A. battery first opens fire on an aeroplane whose pilot is unaware that he is about to be fired at. The second point comes when the pilot of a bomber aeroplane has necessarily settled down on a true course which he must maintain for some seconds to ensure that his bombs shall hit their target. These are the two occasions when A.A. fire becomes dangerous.

Two of the men who either "sit in draughts or play draughts—" two members of an Observer Corps on their windy outpost

THE OBSERVER CORPS

The First Eyes of the A.A. Ground Defence System Which Culminates in the Bursting Shell Upon the Air Target

Described by NOEL THOMPSON

ONE vital section of our aerial defences has received very little public attention. So little, in fact, that while I am an omnivorous reader of the daily and weekly papers, I can call to mind only about half a dozen mentions of their work. And yet the R.A.F. and the Fighter Commands are the first to acknowledge the value of their services.

I refer to the men of the Observer Corps. The first half-dozen average citizens to whom I mentioned the corps thought that it was something to do with the balloon barrage, or an older group of men who had been called up for service in the R.A.F. as aeroplane observers. While I knew of the activities of the corps, I admit that I was puzzled as to how to find their headquarters in order to obtain full details. The Air Ministry put me right.

First, then, let me explain that there are a five-figure number (the nearest that censorship will allow me) of members of the Observer Corps. They are descendants of the watchers for the Spanish Armada, though telephones have taken the place of beacons. Their badge is an Elizabethan, in doublet and hose, with a flaming beacon, to remind them of their origin; they have no uniform, but wear a blue and white brassard.

Day and night, every hour of the twenty-four, they are on duty the whole length of the coasts of England and Scotland, and for miles inland, watching the skies and listening. Every aircraft, friendly or foreign, must be reported, with its direction and approximate height, and also its type. Direct telephone lines from these outlying posts go to the observation centres, where colleagues move counters on outsize maps from square to square as the reports come in.

The Observer Corps has, in fact, been described as "the men who either sit in draughts or play draughts." But I am getting too far ahead.

The observation posts may be anything from the roof of a farmhouse, a mound on a desolate moor, an excavation on a sand dune, or a heap of sandbags in an empty field. Here for four hours at a stretch sit two men, taking it in turns of probably half an hour to watch the sky through binoculars or telescopes, or to sit at the open telephone ready to give or take a message.

Pay for this for a full-time worker is £3 a week; for a part-time worker 1s. 3d. an hour, with a maximum of £3 a week; the average for the part-time worker is about a guinea a week.

It would be difficult to name a profession or trade that is not represented among these observers. I can tell personally of a judge, an actor, an artist, a miner, a stockbroker, an architect. There are bank clerks, lorry drivers, farmers, golf green keepers, game keepers, ministers, retired army men, agricultural labourers, journalists, local bigwigs and local nobodies. All now work together. All have passed their training in recognising types of aircraft and all will be going through refresher courses which will include recognition of new types of aeroplanes as they are produced.

Now for the procedure, and I must emphasise that it is the same in general whether the aeroplanes sighted are friendly or enemy, or unidentified. The action to be taken depends on the information at the Fighter Command, who will know the movement of our aeroplanes.

Post A observer sights an aeroplane dodging into a cloud as it approaches the coast. (Observation at sea is secret and not part of the work of the Observer Corps.)

Post A immediately reports through the direct telephone, adding that from the noise he fancies there are more than one. Posts B or C a few miles away probably amplify the report some seconds later.

Inland at the report centre, which may be in a large farmhouse, or underground in a town, these reports are received by a man wearing earphones, and in direct communication with perhaps five posts. Round a huge map, divided into large squares, and sub-divided into smaller ones, sit perhaps a dozen similar members of the corps. These are the plotters.

The man receiving the report from post A marks the position of the aeroplanes with a coloured counter, according to the type of machine suspected. As reports reach him he continues to mark the positions, a croupier with a long rake removing the counters whose position is now out of date.

Others may be joining in with their own counters. Meanwhile, from a gallery, enclosed in glass, or from a dais, the tellers are watching the counters through binoculars or opera glasses. They are in direct communication with other observation centres, telephoning position, number and height of the aeroplanes, and their course so far as can be seen.

The tellers are also in direct touch with the sector Fighter Command, where plans for counteracting the enemy, and for warning aerodromes of the return of their own planes, are made. The sector Fighter Command in turn is plotting positions and telephoning them through to Fighter Command headquarters. So from the observation posts on the outside of the web the news is at the central headquarters in less than a minute.

Strangely enough, I was told, the anti-aircraft batteries are not given these messages immediately, but they are warned in plenty of time by a different system—quite apart, of course, from their own observers and instruments.

And so the fighters receive orders to go up to attack with a pretty accurate knowledge of the whereabouts, numbers, height, and bearing of the enemy.

Foreseeing the value of an Observer Corps, the Government started the present corps seven years ago and most men had at least a year's training before the war started. There they may have got to know some of their colleagues. But now the men at post A will know their own group, but probably nothing of isolated post B, and the R.A.F. know nothing personally about these invaluable watchers, or vice versa, unless there is a convivial gathering, such as took place recently.

Some members of the Observer Corps invited fifty R.A.F. pilots to be their guests at a dinner. Most of the members of the corps were meeting for the first time fellow members whom they had known only by their telephone voices before.

And the R.A.F. took the opportunity to thank their hosts for their work, which had resulted in the shooting down of over twenty enemy planes, a practical and cheering compliment and reward for draughty hours in the open.

It was at the concert that followed that a colliery worker sang "There'll always be an England." The workers at one of the centres roared with laughter. They had heard him rehearsing it during a dull period the afternoon before at his lonely watch post, forgetting that the telephone was "open."

I like the story, too, of the artist and the gardener who shared duty at one country post. The gardener dug a trench shelter.

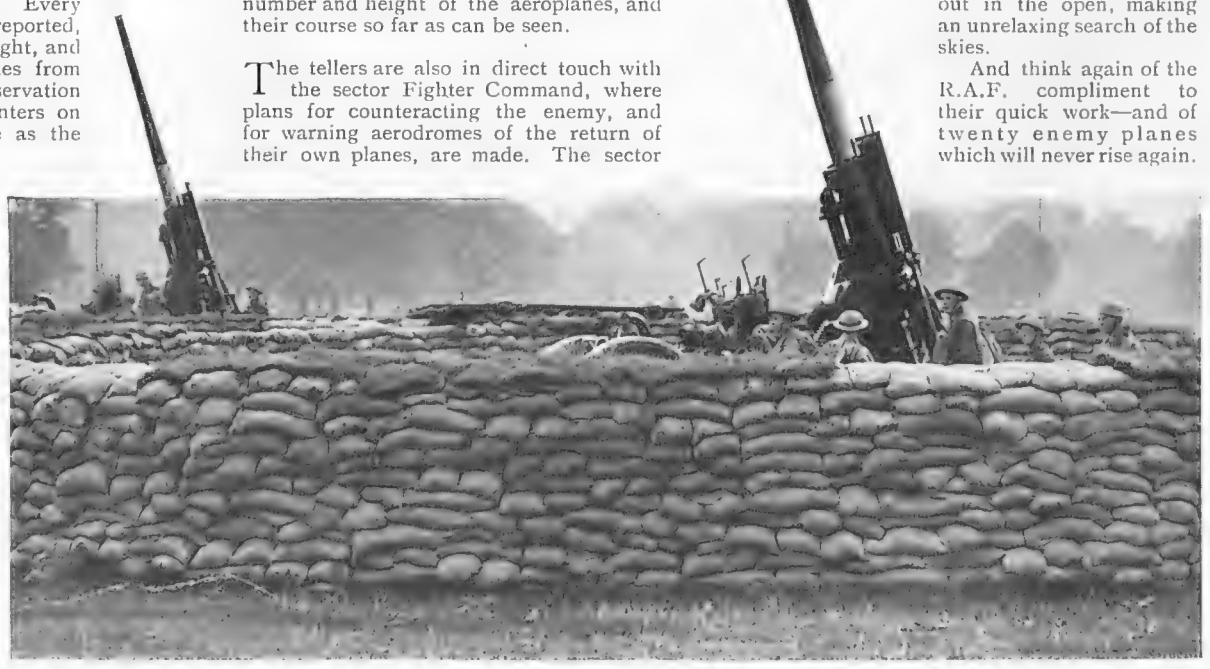
"Fine," said the artist, "the only trouble is that when we most need it we shall have to be on the look-out."

The gardener got his revenge when the artist very cleverly camouflaged the post.

"Fine," said the gardener. "Good camouflage, but we can't see a darn thing now."

On the next wet or frosty night, think of the thousands of watchers, out in the open, making an unrelaxing search of the skies.

And think again of the R.A.F. compliment to their quick work—and of twenty enemy planes which will never rise again.



IV.—THE A.A. GUNS FIRE as the Predictor Gives the Range

A PRELIMINARY WARNING IS RECEIVED AT AN A.A. GUN POSITION

Suspected enemy aircraft have been heard approaching from the east. The warning has been passed to this post, as to many others. The men assemble at the double to take up their proper positions

A DAYLIGHT RAIDER IS MET WITH A BURST OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRING

As the enemy plane comes into view the firing increases in rapidity and accuracy

THE GUNS MUST BE READY TO SPEAK BY NIGHT AS WELL AS BY DAY

The raider is caught in the searchlights and seen by the height-finders, who then transmit their findings to the predictor squad

On left—
A·5 machine-gun being tested—it will check any over-adventurous low flyer

On right—
One of the many links between the various sections of the A.A. defence. It is their business to see that messages pass without any delay from section to section

AT GIBRALTAR: The Famous Rock Towers

A LONG-DISTANCE BRITISH CONVOY, WITH DESTROYER SCREEN, SETS OUT FROM THE STRAITS

It is usual to connect the activities of British convoys with home waters. There is, of course, a great amount of activity within that region, but the work of the convoy organisers and defenders is not confined to these comparatively narrow limits. The drawing given here shows how far afield the guardian destroyers may have to work, and through what stormy seas they may have to fight on the way to the desired port. The usefulness of the system of gathering ships together into convoys is still questioned from time to time.

THE DESTROYER SCREEN GUARDING A CONVOY MAY HAVE A BAD TIME OF IT IN HEAVY WEATHER

If a spell of rough weather ensues when a convoy is well out to sea, the destroyer screen will be seen smashing its way through the rough sea in a smother of spray

Over a Convoy as it Leaves for British Ports

Drawn for THE SPHERE *by Montague Dawson*

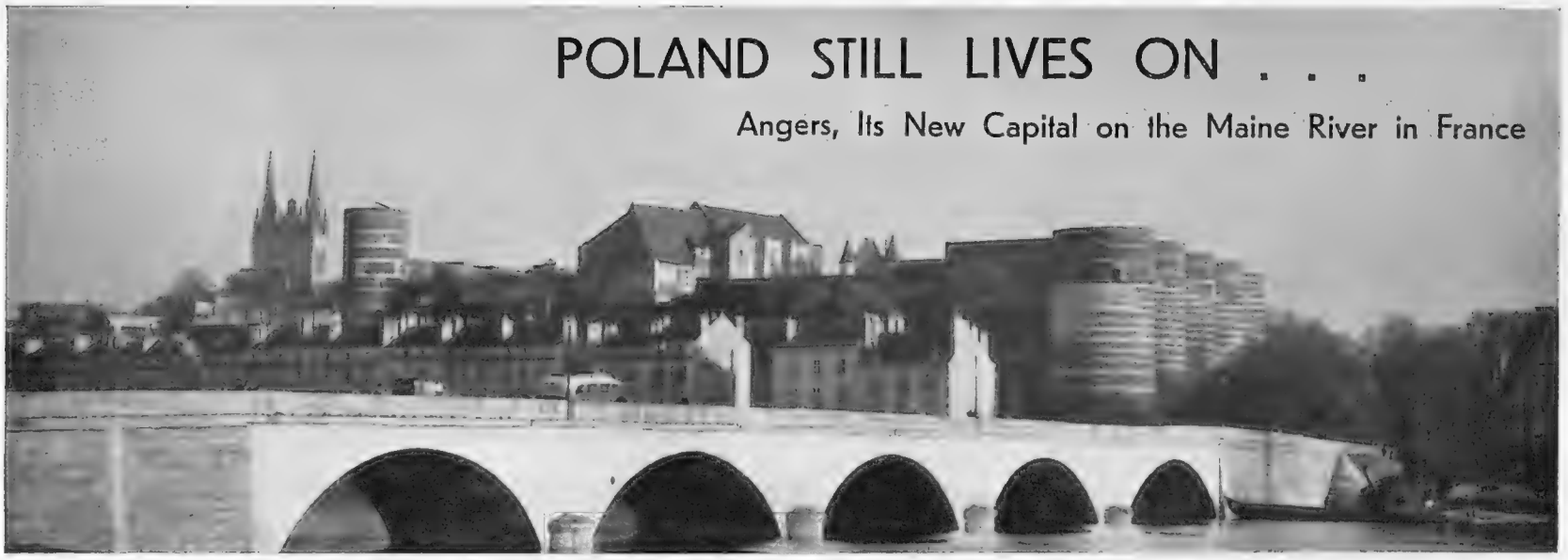
and it would seem that certain naval critics would rather defeat the submarine and mine and leave the broad seas open to all friendly traffic than adopt this measure. The hard fact remains that the unconvoyed ship is in too great a jeopardy during the slow process of conquering the enemy's sub-surface weapons. The appearance of the indiscriminate mine has added another factor of danger. The position of the neutral ship with regard to the system of convoy has recently taken on an acute importance. For our part there is the suggestion that neutral countries so inclined should send their ships to join our protected convoys. Since these are already exposed to capture or sinking at sight, and their countries to "protection" at any time, it would seem that their position would be at least no worse. In addition to escort by our destroyers and aircraft, and whatever means of self-protection they carried, they would become attached to quite an imposing fleet of merchantmen.

VESSELS OF A CONVOY NEARING THE COAST OF BRITAIN ON A MISTY MORNING

Very often the most dangerous moments for a merchantman are encountered when a vessel is well within home waters. Unless the Navy or the Air Force are actively patrolling, it is near port that the danger will be. Yet against this must be set the fact that the local convoys have proved very successful

POLAND STILL LIVES ON . . .

Angers, Its New Capital on the Maine River in France



THE NEW CAPITAL OF POLAND—IN FRANCE: A general view of the city of Angers, showing the old Castle, the Cathedral, and the bridge across the River Maine

By HARRY J. GREENWALL

WHEN the German and Austro-Hungarian Empires fell into ruins, and the Poles began to carve out an empire for themselves, I was an onlooker at the commencement of the foundation of the new Poland which, four months ago, fell in its turn.

When during the World War No. 1 little Serbia was wiped out and occupied by the enemy, the remnants of the Serbian Army were withdrawn and sent to the island of Crete, where it was reconstructed to a living force. Little Serbia emerged in the days of victory as Yugoslavia (Greater Serbia). Something of a similar nature is now taking place in the reconstruction of the new Poland. I have just paid a visit to the city of Angers on the banks of the River Maine, a city of over 80,000 people, which has suddenly become the new Warsaw, as it were; the capital of the new Poland which will one day emerge from the debris of the old.

In the special train which carried the Polish Government to Angers, where the Poles have been granted extra-territorial rights. General Sikorski, the Prime Minister, is seen in the centre

Many people have wondered why this quiet old cathedral city was chosen among the many dozens of French cities as temporary capital of an allied state. The French are sentimental people and the choosing of Angers as the capital of Poland has a sentimental and deeply-rooted foundation. On one bank of the River Maine there stands a partly demolished castle; it is known locally as the Castle of the Polish Kings. That is the keynote to my story. When Charles IX was King of France in the seventeenth century, the kingdom of Poland was kingless. The Diet of Poland met to elect a new king, and its choice was the Duc d'Anjou, brother of Charles IX. To Paris there came four Polish Ambassadors with a gorgeous and richly attired suite. In the Latin tongue they offered the Throne of Poland to the Duc d'Anjou.

Charles hated Henri, Duc d'Anjou, as only a brother can hate, but nevertheless he acquiesced to the offer and the Duc d'Anjou became King of Poland. Not for long, however; Charles IX died and his brother, the King of Poland, became Henri III of France. There, then, you have the main link which unites Angers with the late Polish Republic. Down the years, the traditional friendship which has bound France to Poland has continued, with long interruptions, it is true. Nevertheless, the burghers of Angers will remember stories not only from their school history books, but also from the pages of Alexandre Dumas which recount in picturesque language the coming of the Polish Ambassadors.

Now the kaleidoscope has been given another turn. To Angers there has come not only a new Polish Government, but a French Ambassador and a British Ambassador, to say nothing of the American Ambassador who, after all, brings with him perhaps the greatest significance of a gesture. In this topsy-turvy world one should perhaps not be surprised to find an Ambassador for the French Republic with his staff in a French provincial city, but if Angers is a large provincial city, it also bears the dignity of being the capital of a state in the course of creation. M. Lucien Noel's British colleague in Warsaw is again his colleague in this new Warsaw. M. Noel dwells in a castle on the outskirts of Angers. In a castle nearer the heart of the city dwell Sir Howard Kennard and his staff. In the centre of the city, not very far from the statue of Marguerite of Anjou, once Queen of England, is the new British Chancellery. At the moment it consists of three upper floors in an old building. The paperhangers and the painters are at work. Every morning Sir Howard drives from the castle out in the country to his new Chancellery. There is much work to be done.

In a very magnificent castle, classified as an historic monument, is the American Ambassador and his staff. The Polish President has his own castle, but the quarters of the new Polish Government are right in the heart of the city. There is nothing elaborate about these Polish Government offices; they are strictly business. Angers has been the meeting-place of many evacuees, therefore suitable premises for governmental purposes are not easy to come by. For instance, the Polish Ministry of War is looking for a home. That perhaps is the clue to one part of the activity of the new Government. It was, of course, not possible to withdraw any part of the Polish Army which so valiantly stood up against the German Army. It was necessary, therefore, to create an entirely new force. There was no lack of recruits.

The Polish Prime Minister confers with M. Strasburger, Polish Under-Secretary of State, in Angers

Before the war there were 500,000 Polish subjects resident in France. In fact, the Polish Consular offices in the city of Lille were as imposing looking as an ordinary embassy. Apart from the recruits among the Poles resident in France, applications for enrolment in the new Polish army are pouring in from Canada and the U.S.A., where there are enormous Polish populations. The nucleus of a new Polish army is already in training. Poland possessed a small, but highly efficient navy. Parts of the Polish fleet managed courageously to fight their way out of the Baltic and are now operating with the British and the French fleets. A number of Polish aviators managed to get out of Poland, not all with their machines, but there are enough of them to form the nucleus of yet another Polish armed force now in training on the soil of France.

The new Polish Government possesses at present three buildings in Angers. The principal one is on the Boulevard du Maréchal Foch. The building formerly belonged to a local club. The ghosts of some of the former frequenters still haunt the premises. One can well imagine the retired colonels going about softly, silently and perhaps unseen, brushing against the Polish staff and glancing at the ancient prints of races run and forgotten in the early part of the nineteenth century, remembering the stags' antlers which now look down on such a different scene.

Not only members of the new Polish Government, but also their secretaries and indeed the entire staff have come from war-rent Poland. The Polish Embassy in Paris functions as usual, but here in Angers it is a new Government and a new staff creating a new Poland. It will indeed be a Poland entirely different to that which fell beneath the blows of Hitler's Germany and the stabs in the back from Soviet Russia. One could say with the greatest truth that Polish history is constantly repeating itself. In 1792 there was a civil war in Poland which gave Russia an opportunity of intervening. Poland was betrayed by Prussia. This time Poland was betrayed both by Germany and by Russia. Yet, Poland, as represented by the new Government, is entirely undismayed. The members of the new Government are not grievers, perhaps schemers, yet notwithstanding, men of the highest intelligence and full of "stratagems and spoils" for the undoing of Germany. Those who are familiar with the career of the late Marshal Pilsudski will understand my meaning.

Of what will this new State of Poland consist? The primary consideration, I am informed, is to create a state on a firmer basis than that on which the last Polish State rested. I followed the line of the old frontier through a hamlet called Grosswede where it actually ran through a duck pond in a back garden. There were wooden stakes in the water linked with barbed wire. Part of the pond was Polish and part in the territory of Danzig. I have seen where the frontier was demarcated through the kitchen of a peasant's cottage, and I have watched the self-same frontier reeling about like a late returning reveller, so that it was impossible to be sure whether my right foot was in Poland or in Danzig.

The Polish Government believes that the minority question may be settled on a broad and liberal basis. So far as the large German minority is concerned, the Government believes that these people will of their own accord return to Germany. There is no question of annexing any part of Germany which is clearly German. There remains, however, the question of Eastern Prussia which the new Poland will claim as compensation for territory abandoned. This would give the new Poland a wide maritime frontier on the Baltic.

It is not my purpose here and now to recount the authenticated stories which are reaching the Polish Government from their martyred country. The stories are harrowing in the extreme. There appear to be three sorts of treatment; one meted out to the Poles in the provinces which Germany undoubtedly intends to annex; less severe treatment in the middle of Poland where the Germans are less dominating, and still other treatment in the part of Poland which has fallen under Russian domination.

The UNIQUE SHETLAND ISLANDS

Whose Name Now Figures In the War News Almost Daily

SUNSET AT LERWICK—THE CAPITAL OF THE SHETLAND GROUP IS SITUATED ON MAINLAND, LARGEST OF THE ISLANDS. IT HAS A POPULATION OF 5,000, AND IS BRITAIN'S MOST NORTHERLY TOWN

THE PICTURESQUE VILLAGE OF SCALLOWAY—THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF THE SHETLANDS, SHOWING ITS RUINED CASTLE. SCALLOWAY LIES ON THE EAST COAST OPPOSITE LERWICK, SOME SEVEN MILES AWAY

THE ISLE OF FOULA, IN THE SHETLAND GROUP, SEEN FROM LERWICK—THIS ISLAND LIES TO THE WESTWARD OF THE GROUP AND IS FAMED FOR ITS ROCK, THE SNUEG, WHICH RISES SHEER TO A HEIGHT OF 1,370 FT. *On right*—A SCENE IN ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS OF THE CAPITAL—COMMERCIAL STREET, LERWICK

THE constant appearance of enemy planes over the Shetlands has suddenly brought these islands into the limelight, and for many weeks past they have figured almost daily in the news. Since December 1, under an Order made by Mr. Hore-Belisha, the War Minister, the Shetland and the Orkney Islands both became a "protected area." No one may live in or visit these islands except with a permit issued by the Military Permit Office.

Undoubtedly much misconception exists about the Shetlands, in the far north of Britain. They are not bleak, dreary, and cold as is so often imagined, and are inhabited by a hardy, thrifty, and hospitable race who, strangely enough, do not like to be referred to as Scotch or British, but call themselves Shetlanders.

There are about a hundred islands in the group, only twenty of which are inhabited. They lie north of the sixtieth parallel. But the climate of the islands is so modified by the sea and more particularly by the Gulf Stream that they are neither excessively cold in winter nor warm in summer. The principal industries of the islands are fishing, the rearing of sheep and ponies, growing cereals and potatoes, and the making of knitted woollen goods. What surprises many visitors is the surprisingly high degree of culture among the country crofters and fishermen. There is no aristocracy—no upper ten—and it may be doubted whether there are in the islands, among a population of 22,000, six persons eating the bread of affluent idleness on unearned incomes.

Lerwick, the capital, situated on Mainland, the largest of the islands, has a population of about 5,000, and is Britain's most northerly town. The visitor to Lerwick in June will find the town in the throes of its short, strenuous herring fishing season, when everyone thinks of herring, talks herring, and, so southerners aver, dreams of herring, and when the population, floating included, is increased to over 10,000 souls. Lerwick was and still is the Herringopolis of the world. It is then that the fish mart presents an animated scene. Besides British craft there are, in normal times, hundreds of others, Dutch, German, Scandinavian and Finnish, all in pursuit of King Herring.

Directly opposite Lerwick on the western side of Mainland is the little village of Scalloway, the old capital, with its ruined castle. On the drive across the island and down to Sumburgh Head, at the southern tip of the island, one notes typical Shetland scenery in the hills and glens, the neat white-washed cottages of the crofters, their farms and the peat moors. Sumburgh Head, by the way, was the scene of Sir Walter Scott's novel, *The Pirate*.

Much has been done in recent years in opening up the islands to motor traffic. There are over 500 miles of fairly good motor roads and over 1,000 registered motor vehicles from twenty-seater buses downward. Here and there one can cross from one island to another by ferry. The more general method of visiting the islands is by boat and the weekly or fortnightly steamer services. Opposite Lerwick is Bressay Island, famed for its magnificent rock scenery. It is entirely given over to sheep farming. Beyond it is the little island of Noss, the most famous sea-bird sanctuary in the British Isles. There is only one house on the island, that of a shepherd and his family, the shepherd being also a watcher for the Bird Society.

On Mousa Island can be seen the most striking and best preserved of the round towers, or Pictish castles, to be found on the islands. There are said to be over eighty of these remarkable structures in the Shetlands. Westward of the group is Foula Island, famed for its rock, the Snueg, which rises sheer to a height of 1,372 ft. In the far north is Unst, the most northerly of the Shetlands. Here is the little village and bay of Haroldswick, landing place of Harold of the Fair Hair, in 876. A little distance away is Norwick, most northerly hamlet in the kingdom. From the heights here can be seen the little rocky islet of Muckle Flugga where stands Britain's most northerly lighthouse.

Harold J. Shepstone

THE GREYHOUNDS

How the Bren-gun Carriers Have

THE artillery of 1939 has found its running shoes at last. Modern field guns, of all calibres save the largest, are almost as mobile as modern motor cars, thanks to the development of outsize pneumatic tyres and of ball-bearings, as well as of caterpillar tracks and haulage tractors. Light guns are naturally the most mobile of all, and a weapon of particular significance and interest is the "Bren-gun carrier."

This has been aptly dubbed the "greyhound" of the modern army, and the reason for the name is soon apparent when the carrier is observed in action. It consists of a small armoured frame on long, low tracks, with the thin muzzle of a Bren gun protruding from a loophole at the front.

It enables those most efficient light weapons of modern war, the Bren guns, to be pushed forward rapidly in fire-swept areas. It is not unlikely that vehicles such as these may prove of more importance in the present war than tanks. They are the nearest substitute for cavalry that has been produced by this mechanical age, and it should be remembered that stalemate in modern war directly followed the rise of the machine-gun and the decline of cavalry.

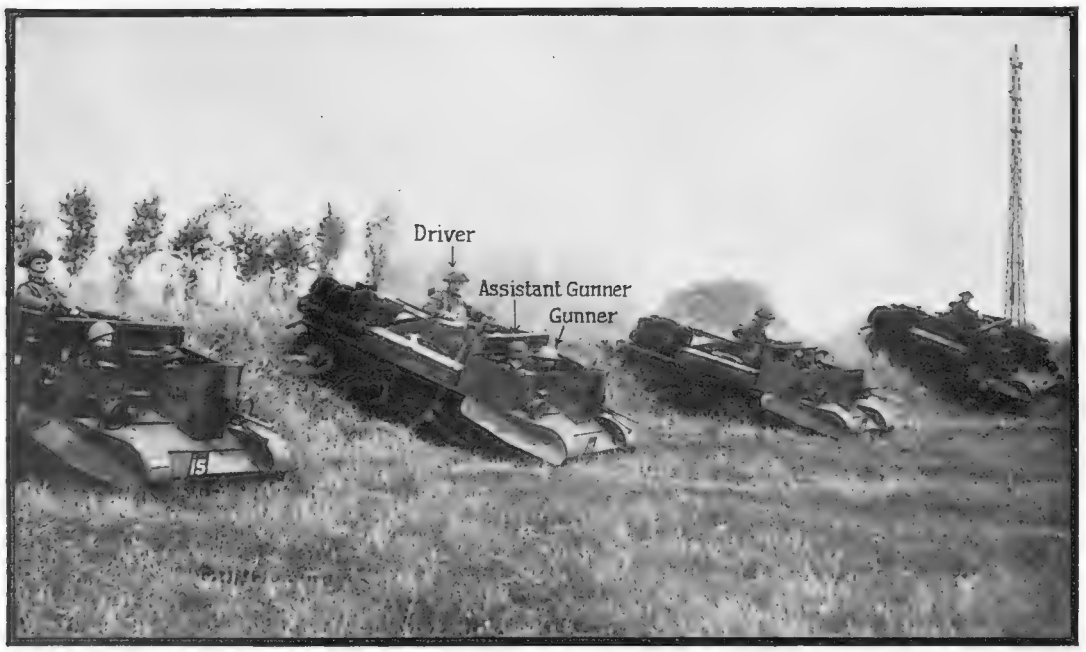
A difficulty in the past, however, was that the heavier arms could not always keep pace with the light attacking units, and thus tended to set the pace for them.

The favourite big gun of the modern army combines howitzer, that is "catapult," action with long range and high rate of fire. It travels, however, on pneumatic carriages, and is drawn by a six-wheeled tractor. Should the outfit become bogged, there is a winch on the tractor to haul it clear.

Perhaps the most mobile of all modern guns is the 8-in. howitzer—firing a 200-lb. shell—which is actually capable of speeds in

THREE MEN FORM THE CREW OF A MOBILE BREN GUN

The gun is primarily intended to be used dismounted, but the carrier gives it the quality of mounted infantry or cavalry, so quickly can it be moved from place to place

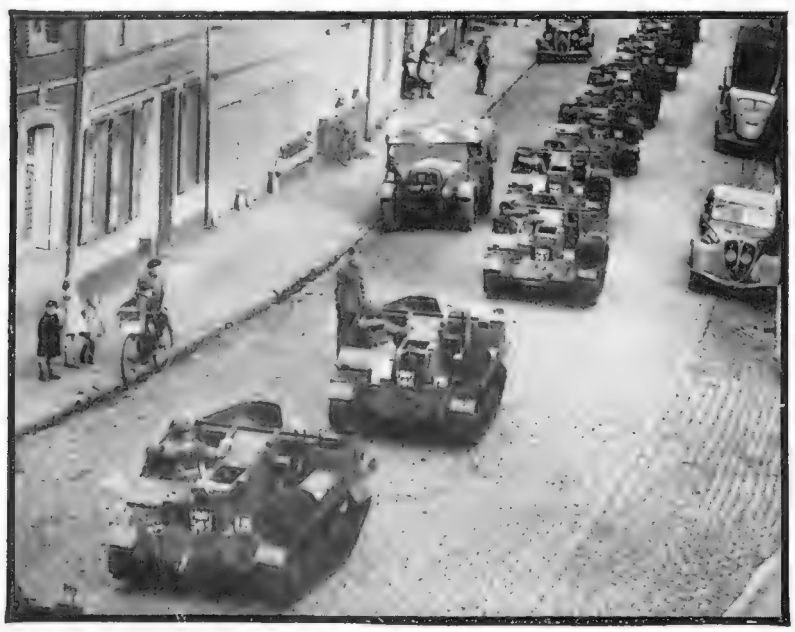


THE BREN-GUN CARRIERS "LOPE" OVER THE GROUND IN VERY SATISFACTORY FASHION

The carrier is built very low, and can "lope" easily over the countryside

TWO BREN CARRIERS CHARGING OVER ROUGH GROUND

These two have gained



RUMBLING OVER THE COBBLED STREETS OF A FRENCH TOWN—A COLUMN OF BREN-GUN CARRIERS

The driver is visible in his cabin on the left-hand side—the two other members of the crew are largely hidden in each case

RUNNING A BREN MACHINE-GUN INTO POSITION BY MAN-POWER

OF THE MODERN ARMY

Become the Cavalry of To-day

THIS BREN GUNNER KEEPS WARM WITH THE AID OF HIS BALACLAVA HELMET AND WOOLLEN GLOVES

excess of 20 m.p.h. It is mounted on oversize pneumatic tyres and towed by Scammell tractors, a commercial product and cheap to produce. Then there is a very fast anti-tank gun which is drawn by a light "Dragon" tractor or by a 15-cwt. truck. All these weapons are singularly graceful in appearance, by contrast with their heavy forefathers, and they should certainly contribute to the return of that "war of movement" which is the dream of many strategists. There can be no doubt at all that they will facilitate rapid advances and as rapid retreats, and will not fall so easily into the hands of the enemy.

THE MACHINE-GUN TRACTORS CAN BUZZ ALONG THE ROADS AT A MERRY PACE

These mechanical horses put the guns into position very rapidly. They are well fitted with useful gadgets

Bren-gun carriers show well their characteristic long lines which them the nickname of "The Greyhounds of the Army"

A LONG LINE OF BREN-GUN CARRIERS IN FRANCE DRAWN UP AT THE ROADSIDE

The carriers have four wheels on each side; and they run over caterpillar tracks which give them great mobility

Here is a variation of procedure: the gun is "mounted" on a container on four pneumatic wheels and ten men are dragging it at the run to the desired position

A COLUMN OF BREN-GUN CARRIERS IN FRANCE

In the Bren carrier one has a mechanical horse that can transport the most deadly of light automatic guns safely across the zone of fire to the point where it is desired to come into action—a weapon for quick advance under cover of smoke or darkness

THE FIRST WAR CHARITY BALL —AT GROSVENOR HOUSE

Miss Frances Day singing in the cabaret during Queen Charlotte's Christmas Leave Dinner Dance which was held at Grosvenor House a few days ago in aid of the Hospital's Care of Service-men's Wives. The music was provided by Jack Harris's band

PHILIP PAGE ON THE THEATRE

Keeping Politics Out of Entertainments—"Lady Precious Stream" at the Kingsway

IT would, perhaps, have been pleasant in these days to be able to cherish Christmas pantomime as something in which war and international politics are not permitted to put in their unwelcome and (to my mind) unfunny appearance. But, of course, a vast number of Christmas pantomimes will have political touches. The case of *Who's Taking Liberty?* at the Whitehall Theatre is different in that (*a*) it is not a pantomime with a political touch but a political satire with a pantomime touch, and (*b*) there is no indication, if one can judge by the reception it has been accorded, that it will run until Christmas.

I found several bright spots, and witty streaks here and there, for Miss Pamela Frankau can show a bright wit in most things she does. Yet this latest effort of hers falls between the proverbial brace of stools, and it disappointed accordingly. The political side of it was not quite good enough for front rank political satire (which has to be front rank or not at all) and the pantomime side of it was rather poor as pantomime; for there were some sentimental passages, with the story of Cinderella as a peg to hang them on, and they were just tedious, in spite of Miss Dorothy Hyson's prettiness and of the loyal efforts of Miss Margaretta Scott, that excellent non-pantomime actress, to be a principal boy of convention, tights and thigh-slapping and all.

Mr. Reginald Purdell and Mr. Frederick Burtwell contributed some merriment as Hitler and Stalin, and it is much in their favour that they did not wear their welcome, for rarely were they allowed to leave the stage. But I am rather surprised that those who were responsible for this by no means unclever show overlooked its lack of proper proportion and its tendency to harp on one note, and a nasty note at that. Another mystery is that, having engaged Miss Gertrude Musgrove, they made next to no use of her. Miss Musgrove is unconventional in that she is not of the glamour girl type. But she has a personality which hits the bull's-eye and a keen and subtle sense of the ridiculous.

"Lady Precious Stream."—Whatever satire is in *Lady Precious Stream*, the Chinese play now revived at the Kingsway Theatre, it is not political. It is true one of the leading characters is a prime minister. But, heaven be praised, the author has not brought this revival up to date by giving him an umbrella (not even a Chinese umbrella). Indeed, what this quaint piece now emphasises, as, for obvious reasons, it was not able to do on its original production, is the contrast between the civilisation of China in that unspecified though obviously distant period, and the condition of Europe to-day.

Apart from this lesson, I cannot imagine any entertainment now in London less concerned with topical affairs and more desirable on that account. The play is as charming as ever, and a long cast of Europeans do not let it down in any way; they do not seem even to lessen the *Chinoiserie*, though I would one day like to see it played by a native company (in English, of course—my Chinese is so rusty nowadays) and to see Chinese men and women on the stage instead of in the foyer during the interval—or, rather, as well as, since they looked very decorative.

Mr. Esme Percy has taken up his old part as the Prime Minister, and plays it with deliberate, and most effective, affectation. He is no more real than is that amazing beard he wears, or, for that matter, the whole play. Mr. Andrew Legh as Su, the Dragon General, was duly dragon-like, and Mr. Peter Bennett, as Wei, the Tiger General, was quite terrifyingly tigerish. Miss Joyce Redman made a charming and surprisingly oriental Precious Stream. Miss Amy Dalby as Madam Wang, her mother, who poured much oil on very troubled waters, was, on the other hand, most unmistakably English in both style and appearance.

"THE STUFF TO GIVE THE TROOPS"

Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge and the entire company of *Under Your Hat* recently gave a special matinee performance to 1,300 guardsmen at the Palace Theatre. Members of the chorus are seen distributing souvenir programmes to the men

PROGRAMMES FOR ALL AT THE PALACE THEATRE

Another view of the men fraternising with the girls from the show *Under Your Hat* while they gave out the special programmes which were eagerly claimed by the soldiers

DEFEATING RED TAPE

Owing to the L.C.C. ban on artistes appearing in costume on Sundays, the Crazy Gang were forced to entertain the audience in the auditorium itself while they were announced from the stage. This scene took place at the Prince of Wales Theatre at a matinee in aid of the Lion Hospital Aid Society War Relief Fund

The STREETS of LONDON

Preparing for the Christmas Season as Usual, Despite the War

DRESSING THE WINDOW FOR CHRISTMAS

Adorning the suggested gifts with glittering tinsel and gaily-coloured paper. An art which evidently fascinates the onlookers

LITTLE BLONDIE IS FASCINATED BY DONALD DUCK

But if Donald Duck were there in the flesh he would doubtless be equally fascinated by Blondie. A scene in Holborn's kerbside market

OXFORD STREET GETS THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT DESPITE THE WAR

Though part of the pavement is taken up by sandbag barricades and the newsvendor's placard adds to the grim reminders of war, Oxford Street is crowded with Christmas shoppers

SUCH A FUNNY THING! A SCENE AT THE KERBSIDE BAZAAR

Where the wonderful display of mechanical toys provides a never-ending source of amusement to the kiddies and, in very many instances, to the grown-ups as well

EUROPE SURVEYED

Scenes in France, Switzerland, Belgium and Denmark

A FRIEND OF NURSE CAVELL, SHE HELPS THE CAUSE IN FRANCE

Louise Thuliez, a friend of the famous Nurse Cavell (executed by the Germans in Belgium during the Great War), is here watching a game of chess in a soldiers' mess in France

PARIS IN BRITTANY

France's evacuation schemes were numerous and thorough. Here little Parisians enjoy their Breton fare

SWISS WOMEN JOIN THE REGULAR ARMY

The example of many other countries has now been followed by Switzerland, where women have been permitted to enlist in the army. Some 350 women volunteers from all parts of Switzerland have gone into barracks in Basle, where, in uniforms resembling those of the troops, they are being trained to form an ambulance column. These steel-helmeted girls are marching in field-grey across the parade ground with stretchers slung over their shoulders. Each girl carries half a stretcher. *On right*—A Swiss woman ambulance driver in field-grey uniform

SYMPATHY FOR FINLAND BECOMES EVIDENT IN THE STREETS OF BRUSSELS

In many capitals outbursts of sympathy for Finland have been witnessed. In Rome, there were demonstrations in front of the Russian Embassy. In Belgium, also, there were student demonstrations. Firemen stood by with hoses to disperse demonstrators. *On right* is a new picture of Queen Alexandrine of Denmark leaving the Amalienborg Palace in Copenhagen

CO-OPERATION BETWEEN OUR AIR AND LAND FORCES

Some of the Arguments For and Against Re-organising the Army's Own Air Branch

The War in the Air. By CHARLES G. GREY

(Founder of *The Aeroplane*)

EARLY in 1939 the Admiralty achieved an object for which they had been striving for years. They managed to persuade the Cabinet to detach the Fleet Air Arm from the Royal Air Force and hand it over to the Navy.

During the war 1914–18 the Admiralty had no high opinion of the Royal Naval Air Service, nor had the senior officers of the Navy. But junior officers, especially those in destroyers and submarines, saw from the cold, wet sea how useful proper air co-operation could be. And, to give the R.N.A.S. its due, its members did their best to work with the Navy when allowed to do so.

In the years which followed the war the young naval officers attained to senior rank and convinced some of those still more senior that the Navy ought to have its own air service. And so, after years of agitation and political propaganda, the Fleet Air Arm went over to the Navy.

For a long time before that, naval officers and a certain number of ratings had been attached to the sea-going branch of the R.A.F. and a high proportion of the aeroplanes in the Fleet Air Arm were already piloted by naval officers and carried naval observers.

During those twenty years the Army made no direct effort to form its own air branch, but certain squadrons of the R.A.F. were allocated to co-operate with the Army. Aeroplanes of special types were designed and built for them. They were made to fly slowly and to pick up messages from the ground on hooks carried below their wheels. They were made to land slowly and to get off slowly so that they could be used in fields which were smaller than normal aerodromes, so that they could keep in touch with troops and even convey staff officers from places where there were no aerodromes to places where there were aerodromes.

These special Army Co-operation squadrons co-operated with troops on manœuvres and a certain number of army officers were seconded to the R.A.F. for these squadrons. Lately most of the Army Co-operation squadrons have been commanded by seconded soldiers. And the Army seemed to accept the ruling that they should have all the air support that they wanted from the R.A.F. but should not have an air branch which would belong altogether to the Army.

Here and there one came across soldiers who argued that the Army should have its own Flying Corps, as it had before the R.A.F. was formed, on April 1, 1918, by amalgamating the Royal Naval Air Service and the Army's Royal Flying Corps. But the soldiers who were seconded to the R.A.F. accepted the fact that although they served temporarily in the R.A.F. they were not R.A.F. officers. Some of them were seconded a second time, after having gone back to their regiments for a number of years. They all got along excellently with the R.A.F., and in fact their attachment to the youngest Service was definitely a good thing because it brought into R.A.F. messes something of the Army tradition.

Whether the success of the Navy in acquiring its own air arm has affected the War Office, or whether having a large army in the field for the first time since 1918 has brought to light certain needs which had not been so evident before, the fact is that the Army to-day wants to have its own flying corps.

There has been a lot of talk about it quietly for several months past but the subject only broke into print a few days ago. The subject is worth discussing, whatever one's prejudices may be one way or the other.

Nobody has been more devoted to the idea of a single air service, one and indivisible, than Lord Trenchard, who was in effect the creator of the Royal Air Force. Yet even he, in a White Paper which was published in 1919, envisaged the idea of a very large and very powerful air force equipped entirely for offensive and defensive air war, which should be the first line fighting force of the Empire, alongside which the Navy and the Army would have their own air branches specially equipped for their own work which might be different from that for which the Royal Air Force as such was trained and equipped.

Those who read an article in this paper a few weeks ago on the possibility of the Allies appointing a Generalissimo of the Air will remember that when Lieut.-General Sir Hugh Trenchard was appointed Generalissimo of the Air in October, 1918, there was considerable argument about whether he and his Independent Air Force should be under the control of Marshal Foch, the Generalissimo of the Allied Armies on the ground, or whether the Generalissimo of the Air should have the same independence of action as had the Admiral-in-Chief of the Allied Navies.

The obvious objection which was raised at the time was that a big air operation which called for the use of every aeroplane which the air chief could command might be in full blast at a moment when the Generalissimo on the ground suddenly decided that he must have air support, such as bombing railways, junctions, and bridges, to stop supplies from getting up to the enemy's fighting line. If the ground chief had supreme command then he might spoil the air chief's operations. If the air chief wanted every machine that was available to attack an air objective he would necessarily feel annoyed if he knew that several hundreds of aeroplanes which he could use to advantage were sitting on the ground while the Army was doing nothing itself and was not using them.

On the other hand, if the air chief were selfish, or if he simply could not spare the machines, then a refusal to co-operate with the ground troops in cutting the enemy's lines of supply might cause them serious losses or even lose an important battle.

This seems to provide a good argument in favour of giving the Army a flying corps of its own, over which the air chief, whether he were the Generalissimo of the Air of all the Allies or merely the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief the R.A.F. in the field, should have no control whatever.

There are certain jobs for which the Army needs aeroplanes of kinds which would be useless in purely air operations. The kind of bomber which could be most useful in support of Army operations, namely a machine which would lift a colossal load and could only carry it a short distance, would, if designed for that purpose, work out as quite a different type from the sort which, although it could carry a goodly load of bombs, would carry them at a speed which would be unnecessary for short-range operations—which would mean decreasing the fuel carried. The difference in the type is roughly the difference between a race-horse and a cart-horse. One carries a big load a short way in a long while, and the other carries a light load a long way in a short while. Admittedly one can produce a compromise in types which does not do either properly. Two different types should be more efficient.

Then there are the fighting machines. For long-range R.A.F. bombing we need long-range fighters to protect the bombers. To protect the short-range bombers the Army would need fighters of quite a different type. That was proved quite definitely in Spain, where the old Junkers bombers which could lift an astonishing load were used for attacks on trenches, and were defended by the little short-range Fiat fighters whose chief virtue was that nobody could break them in the air by throwing them about.

Hitherto, in 1914–18 and in various small wars since then and more recently in Spain, when aeroplanes have attacked trenches, and have attacked troops on the road, in support of their own armies they have used ordinary fighters which, because of their nature, had to dive and when they were near enough to the ground had to pull out again. At the end of the war 1914–18 both the Germans and ourselves introduced special "ground-strafing" aeroplanes, the bottoms of which were armoured against machine-gun fire and rifle fire. They carried several banks of machine-guns protruding at an angle through the armoured bottom, so that they could fly level along a road or along a row of trenches pouring out bullets at an angle which was calculated to get two or three men at a time if they happened to be standing in line with the bullets.

Naturally an aeroplane of that sort is only of use to an army for the purpose of attacking trenches or troops on the road. It would be useless in air operations—unless one wished deliberately to machine-gun fleeing civilians on the roads.

One can also imagine the use of special slow-flying aeroplanes or autogiros to carry staff officers from one part of an army area to another, or air ambulances designed for army work. One can even imagine very large high-speed troop-transport machines to move army personnel, as suggested in this paper a few weeks ago. There are many types of aeroplanes which would be useful to the Army and of no use at all to the Air Force, and they might just as well belong to the Army and be manned entirely by Army personnel.

Their existence would save the personnel of the Royal Air Force from having to learn a lot of things which are of no use to an independent Air Force. R.A.F. pilots and mechanics and observers who were with the Fleet Air Arm spent a lot of time learning things which are of no use to them now that they have come back to the R.A.F., and people in the Army Co-operation squadrons have likewise acquired knowledge which could only be useful if they were tied for their service lives to the Army.

Naturally there would be times when a big detachment of Air Force bombers might be sent to bomb munition dumps or lines of communication behind the enemy's lines by way of friendly co-operation with the Army, just exactly as on occasion the Navy's warships have bombarded coast towns, or have supported troops working along the coast.

There are always possibilities of co-operation, as, for example, that famous legend about the capture of Archangel (or Murmansk) in 1919, during our war with the Bolsheviks. A mixed Anglo-French fleet, carrying troops of all sorts, was sent round to attack the Reds from the north. When they came near the coast they were shelled, fortunately without being hit, by forts at the harbour mouth.

The General Officer Commanding-in-Chief was naturally travelling in the flagship with the Admiral Commanding the Fleet, so a fierce argument started about whether in these particular operations the General or the Admiral was in command. While the Staff in blue and the Staff in khaki were arguing the matter the Air Force officer who commanded the few aeroplanes attached to the expedition lowered a couple of seaplanes over the side, took off from the water, bombed the forts, silenced the guns, chased the gunners down the railway line. The Fleet went into the harbour unopposed, landed the troops, and the G.O.C. took command. So you see there is a great deal to be said on all three sides.

A WELLINGTON BOMBER ON TEST

With hundreds of factories all over the country working at full pressure on munitions and war material, it has now been announced that Britain's aircraft production, already enormous, is to be doubled. This, coupled with the aircraft orders already placed in America, will provide this country with the world's most formidable air fleet. Above is seen one of the famous Wellington bombers being tested in a low attack on a machine-gun post

"Grace, our Maid, after Work".—Painted by Miss Vivien John, and now on exhibition at the Calmann Gallery

"View of St. Remy de Provence".—Painted by Miss John and included in her present exhibition

"The Chasseur".—Painted by Miss John in Provence

Miss Vivien John's Exhibition

In last week's issue we published pictures illustrative of Miss Susan Palmer's work. Here we show examples of the work of her joint-exhibitor, Miss Vivien John, artist daughter of the world-famous Augustus John, R.A. Miss John is twenty-four years of age; she has lived mostly in England and the South of France. Her art training was acquired at the Slade School and the Euston Road School of Art, and more recently in Paris. She has previously exhibited water-colours and oils at the Cooling and Calmann Galleries. Her present Exhibition at the Calmann Gallery in St. James's opened on December 5

The artist at her easel

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

LET THERE BE ANTHOLOGIES

"Speak for England," the Ideal Reading Matter for the Soldier Bookworm

NOTHING like a war to set publishers dreaming dreams of books to tell you all about it, books to make you forget it, books to explain how it happened, books to forecast what will happen; aided, in this war, of course, by the blessed black-out. A typical publishers' dream is the soldier bookworm. He is the chap who, no matter where he is, what he is doing or even what he has been doing, simply yearns to get his nose into a book. He has, of course, a good deal of gear to hump about, less now, perhaps, than in past and ruder wars, but still he always finds room to pack the well-thumbed, well-beloved volume, and from it to extract solace which a creeping barrage might almost fail to shatter.

These well-thumbed, treasured volumes, these publishers' dreams are not the kind of reading which you and I, having known a soldier or two, might have expected. Not, as we might think, *Bar-20 Rides Again* or *The Uncensored Stories of Max Miller*, but tasteful little anthologies; snippets of the best in prose and poetry that the English language can provide, with a few bits from the classics chucked in to please the sergeant-major.

This dream of soldier bookworms becomes, in war, a reality which fairly shrieks to be encased in indestructible and waterproof bindings, and printed in a form convenient to be carried in a tunic pocket. Remember how many a brave soldier's life has been saved when the bullet, aimed at his heart, failed to penetrate farther than *The Grammarian's Funeral*.

Therefore let there be anthologies. Anthologies for the troops; anthologies to defy all weathers—afloat, ashore, or in mid-air—for do not let us forget that the Navy and Air Force have also convenient pockets and have been known to be able to read. The first of these gallant tomes is entitled, appropriately enough, **SPEAK FOR ENGLAND** (Hutchinson. 5s.), and is compiled by Mr. James Agate.

The troops will recognise in Mr. Agate the ideal anthologiser, for the troops, being students of his writings, will have learned that he has a retentive and all-embracing memory for gems and snippets in two languages and that his criticisms are frequently peppered with the aphorisms of the great. Mr. Agate also affects a lusty attitude to life and letters. Nothing precious about him. He is all for football matches and crazy gang shows, so much so that we can only think that some of the tenderer passages in his compilation have crept in by a whimsical mistake.

In Mr. Herbert Read's opinion the stuff to give the troops should be of the best, and nothing but the best. His anthology bears the slightly old-fashioned title of **THE KNAPSACK** (Routledge. 6s.), just as if there were still such things as field-marshals' batons about. His is no slap-on-the-back let-me-tell-you-me-lad attitude to his imaginary but gallant reader, but rather that of a quiet but wise and learned friend, recalling the things we read between the route marches of long ago.

Mr. Herbert Read is perspicacious enough to remember the sergeant-major's taste for items like Plutarch's *Life of Cato*, nor does he forget that the quarter-bloke sometimes likes a spot of nonsense with such great humorists as Edward Lear.

Both of these anthologies are worthily conceived and got up with a practical eye to what might happen to them on active service. Those who decide to send them to the troops should have a lot of fun reading them before they are packed up.

When Mrs. Agnes Keith, who is American, started to write the story of her experiences in North Borneo, her husband, who is English, frequently chilled her with the words "look up the facts!" thus, she implies, having a salutary effect on her enthusiasms and overstatements. A new kind of collaboration emerged—one to write and one to read—which has resulted in a delightful and high-spirited travel book, **LAND BELOW THE WIND** (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.). "Without my husband," writes Mrs. Keith, "my story of Borneo might have been more what people think Borneo ought to be, and less what it is. But when I see a shudder shaking him I quickly reduce my adjectives and multiply my qualifying clauses. . . ."

Her first stay in North Borneo was one of four years, at the end of which time she was just strong enough, after serious and indeed almost fatal attacks of fever, to crawl out of hospital to the ship and travel back to her native California as a convalescent. "I was not by nature a pioneer woman," she declares. In actual fact, she was frail, easily susceptible to chills and fever, and not any more versed in the ways of the tropics than the average town-dweller, but in spite of this lack of either strength or experience she would often accompany her husband, a Conservator of Forests and Director of Agriculture to North Borneo, on his trips into the hinterland, and even enjoy them.

Not unnaturally her enjoyment was tempered by such incidents of travel as pig ticks, sand flies, mosquitoes, flooded camps, slippery rocks, downpours of steaming tropical rain and jungle sanitation, which always includes the possibility of a snake or two in the offing, but her spirits were in the main equal to everything, even to permanently damp bedding and leeches four inches long, and the return to the house on the hill above the harbour was never so much a long-awaited relief as the end of an adventure. "Other people," says the writer, "would often talk about visiting the forests of Borneo, or the lovely little islands off the coast—we really went there."

A feature of Mrs. Keith's household, though this is probably not common to all Borneo homes, was the number of more or less wild animals that her husband as game warden collected. Many of these were given to him or, having been confiscated by the government, were passed on to his care. Mrs. Keith made friends with a number of these apes, otters and *simpalilis*, treated them as pets, ignored, as far as humanly possible, their freaks of temperament and sorrowed after their several demises. Since the first essential for both ape-keeping and jungle travel seems to be an abnormal supply of endurance, I finished the book with a whole-hearted admiration for this quality in the author. She is a lively and candid reporter, too, but somehow it is her stamina which impresses the reader first.

In the old days writers used to address the "gentle reader"; Mrs. Keith makes no such concessions. Her public, about whom she is neither complacent nor timid, are there to be told about life in North Borneo, and her allegiance is to that country, its friendly people and its more than friendly monkeys. She is too intrepid to be the ideal travelling companion but she can write about her own travels with enough ease to satisfy the most armchair-minded.

By writing his new novel, **GINGER CHARLEY** (Martin Secker. 7s. 6d.), in the first person singular, Mr. Max Catto is able to get something off his chest about the tribulations of novelists who write slushy fiction for impressionable females.

Geoffrey Thorpe, the novelist (who thought he had better lunch with Miss Rallence because she'd "gone in for book reviewing"), had a friend, a retired major, straight as a die, true blue, pukka and all that kind of thing, with just that mixture of toughness and sentimentality that goes with it. Unexpectedly the major proves to be fairly well educated, especially in the modern French classics, so that it does not at all follow that he should keep a pub in a tiny village called Raffsmuir, on the west coast of Scotland over against Skye.

Here the stage is set for the proper display of Mr. Catto's gifts: the bucolic scene (for Raffsmuir was about 15 miles from Scelmawrie, and Scelmawrie "was the last outpost of decent civilisation"), the literary touch, the eccentric character. Not for nothing is Major Beaney known as Ginger Charley.

Having moved his characters to the blasted village of Raffsmuir, Mr. Catto then starts the fun, all of which is about as funny as any other tale telling of high jinks in the bleaker spots of Caledonia. There is one whale of a family feud, between the Mackinaws and the Menzies (those Mackinaws would *never* pronounce it properly) culminating in a rough-and-tumble as the result of an alleged trial. There are all sorts of rows about whose father was who, and what bit of land belonged to which and where did the coal come in, until we find ourselves in the middle of just another grim, earthy story.

All the while these things are happening, Mr. Catto keeps interrupting and bringing on his ginger major and his author with the deprecating wit, but for whose presence we might be tempted to believe that this was yet another of those strong, sinewy tales of country life in which the natives behave disgustingly and the atmosphere is one of unrelieved depression. As it is, Mr. Geoffrey Thorpe enables the author to indulge in some passages of fine frenzy, and, with Ginger Charley for a foil, to interpolate some satirical comment with which to spice the Gaelic brew. Without it the mixture might have proved intolerable: with it, the entertainment is well worth recommending.

Books Received.—A. & C. BLACK.—ALBION: An Artist's Britain. By Stephen Bone. 15s. BLACKIE.—HINTERLAND LIBERIA. By Etta Donner. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. A.B.C. OF PARTIES. By Carol Inman. 2s. 6d. RUGBY. By C. R. Evers. 5s. BELL.—COLUMBUS SAILS. Written and Illustrated by C. Walter Hodges. 7s. 6d. CASSELL.—NOT GUILTY, M'LORD. By Seymour Hicks. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—MRS. MINIVER. By Jan Struther. 7s. 6d. CLASSICS BOOK CLUB.—JANE EYRE. By Charlotte Brontë. 2s. 6d. COLLINS.—THE FOX THAT WALKED ON THE WATER. By A. Henry Higginson. Illustrated by F. A. Stewart. 10s. 6d. THE RABBIT SKIN CAP: A Tale of a Norfolk Countryman's Youth. Written in his old age by George Baldry. Edited by L. Rider Haggard. Illustrated by E. Seago 15s.

THE FATE OF THE BALTIC CONCERNS MORE THAN THE FINNS; SWEDEN AND DENMARK ARE IN VITAL PROXIMITY

This map of the lower half (ice-free) of the Baltic shows how close are the geographic positions of Sweden and Denmark to the Danger Powers; Sweden is linked with Finland through the Aaland Islands, Denmark thrusts an island well out beyond her main territory

THE NORTHERN ICE-BOUND HALF OF THE BALTIC NARROWLY SEPARATES SWEDEN FROM THE AREA OF PRESENT WARFARE

Sweden was last week watching with acute interest the piercing movement which Russia was endeavouring to make in the latitude of Uleaborg. These two maps show how the Baltic naturally divides itself into an upper and lower section similar to the Mediterranean

FIGHTING FOR TIME

Or the Race with the Polar Night

The Northern Areas in which a Life and Death Struggle is Taking Place between a David and a Goliath

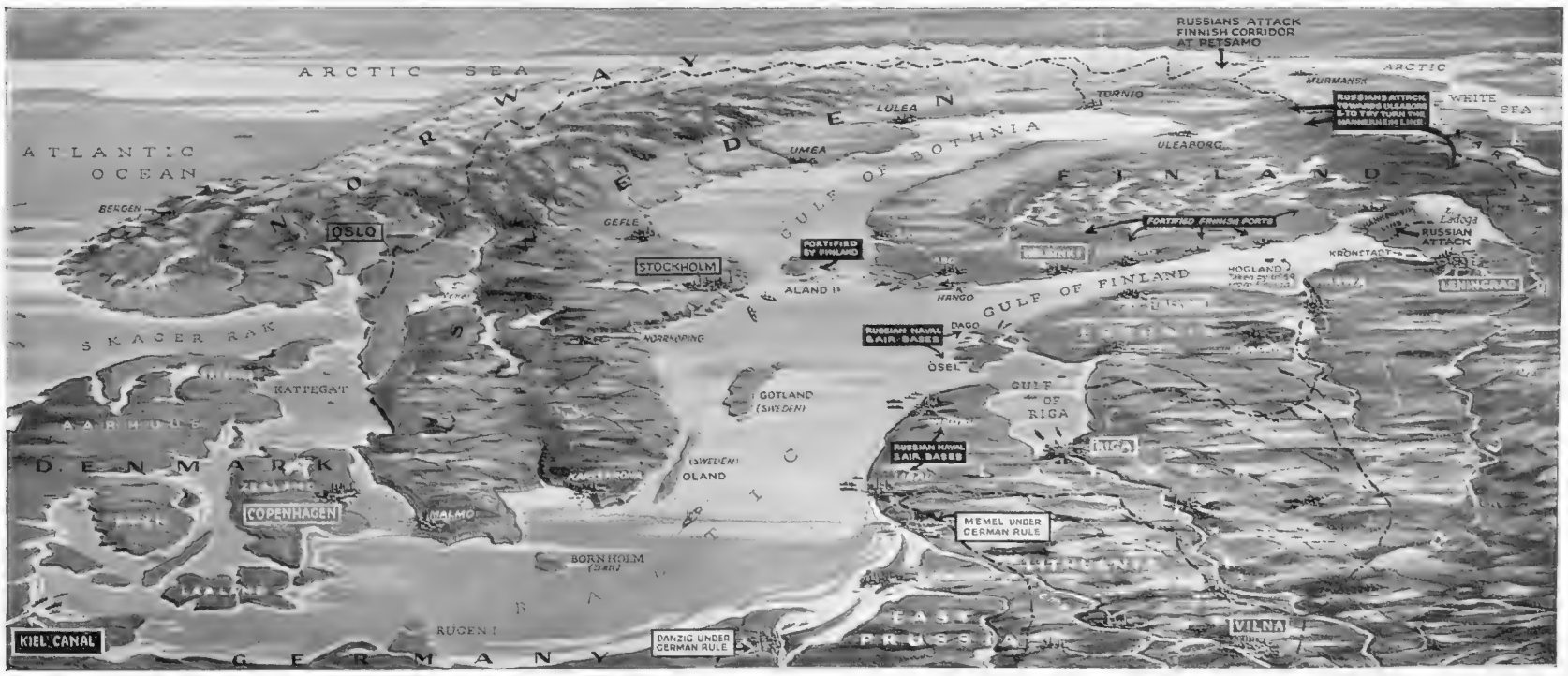
A MILITARY correspondent wrote on November 30 that Helsinki, Hanko, and the other Finnish ports could not be effectively protected by their coastal artillery or by their navy. A fortnight passed and these places were still withstanding Russian attack and repulsing attempted landings. On other fronts the Finns were making a good fight, aided by the coming of the Polar winter. The Finns were conducting their defensive campaign with skill. Of the thirty farmhouses of one village only the chimney stacks are left standing. The Finns were burning every abandoned village and thus depriving the advancing enemy of any roofed shelter. Rows of granite fence-posts, taken from the fields and sunk 3 ft. into the ground, proved satisfactory tank barriers.

One of the Finns' tricks in the fighting in the north has been to light big log-fires, and then abandon them. When the Russians swarmed round them to escape from the terrible cold, snipers fired on them from ambush. The deep snow favoured the Finns' mobile defence.

In the Lapland country, which comprises one-third of Finland, the Lapps have been asked to contribute reindeer hides, out of which blouses can be sewn for the frontier soldiery, as this is the only skin which really keeps out the piercing winter winds and cold. From Lapland, 200,000 reindeer were being driven south to provide a meat reserve for the Finns. All skis in the country have also been collected for the army's winter campaign.

Expert opinion, commenting on the situation last week, said that it could not be affirmed that the Red troops had distinguished themselves, but their morale was obviously not good, and they were on unfamiliar terrain and quite unequal to coping on even terms with clever fighters like the Finns. The latter have distinguished themselves; their morale is high and they are unafraid in engaging their gigantic adversary. Their great ally, of course, is winter. The snow and ice and the long periods of darkness must make things extraordinarily difficult for the aggressor, while the problems of supply in the Red Army, which has never been particularly successful in solving them, must be enormous.

THE NARROW FJORD-LIKE APPROACH TO PETSAMO WHERE THE FINNS WERE HOLDING THE HILLS



WHAT WILL SCANDINAVIA DO IN FACE OF A THREATENING SITUATION FROM EAST AND SOUTH-EAST?

Sweden is faced with the probability of being forced out of a passive neutrality and so may Norway, her geographical partner, which lies like a tasselled fringe along her western borders. Far in the north, Norway, Sweden, Finland and Russia are in close proximity. The immediate area of danger is in southern Karelia and in southern Finland bordering the Baltic. In the latter region, however, the Finns were reported to have repulsed all attempts to land, and there are, as our maps show, numerous fortified positions all along this coast. A Russian attack to be successful must, according to the experts, be made along this shore

WOMEN IN UNIFORM

Some Telling Photographic Studies of Women Who are Helping to Win the War

BRITAIN'S GIRL DRIVERS ON PARADE

Members of the Mechanised Transport Training Corps at an inspection prior to leaving for service in France

THE FIRST BRITISH WOMEN DRIVERS TO GO TO FRAN

The Mechanised Transport Training Corps is a body of pub minded women who are all expert drivers and mechan they pay an annual subscription, provide their own cars, buy their own uniforms. The organisation is run on stri military lines; and two detachments have now left for Fra to act as transport to a mobile hospital unit under French Government. Previously they had been assisting Red Cross and A.R.P. authorities in this country. Be leaving for France the units were inspected in London Commander Coulon, the Assistant French Military Atta these pictures were taken on this occasion. The Mechan Transport Training Corps is the first body of women dr to be sent overseas since the beginning of the war. (In above picture, on the left in the foreground, is the seco command, the Hon. Elizabeth Scott-Montague)

A VERY SMART BODY OF YOUNG WOMEN!

Members of the Auxiliary Territorial Service (A.T.S.) swinging smartly past the saluting base during an inspection by Mrs. Chamberlain at a barracks near London a few days ago

MISS E. M. STURDEE, GRANDDAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS BRITISH ADMIRAL, IN THE SMART UNIFORM OF THE W.R.N.S.

THE W.R.N.S. LISTENING TO THE INSTRUCTOR IN THE LECTURE ROOM

The Women's Royal Naval Service (The Wrens) won fame during the last war: this corps of keen young women has just been re-created, and at a Royal Naval School somewhere near London hundreds of them are undergoing training. These pictures were taken during this Officers Training Course. One of the students, Miss Sturdee, is the granddaughter of a famous admiral of the last war. The director is Mrs. Laughton Mathews and her deputy is Miss E. M. Goodenough

TRAINING GIRLS AS OFFICERS IN THE W.R.N.S. SOME STUDENTS IN THE LECTURE ROOM

A WAR-TIME WORKROOM IN A LONDON HOTEL

A suite in one of London's luxury hotels has now become a workroom for women busily engaged in sewing shirts—and other comforts—for men at the front. Opened at the Dorchester at the beginning of October by Mrs. Robert McAlpine and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Sherek, the workroom now has over three hundred helpers. These include well known Society women, actresses, visitors to the hotel and members of the staff. Many visitors take work to their suites, and in the afternoons there may be as many as a hundred and fifty people in the hotel busily knitting and sewing. Above are the two organisers—Mrs. McAlpine (seated) and Mrs. Sherek—at work in the hotel

THE UNDERGROUND STOREHOUSE: Experts in the Derbyshire caverns, where radium worth £15,000 has been stored out of harm's way. The caves are 280 ft. below the surface

IN THE FULLY-EQUIPPED LABORATORY: White-coated scientists at work in the caves. The radium belongs to the Christie Cancer Hospital and Holt Radium Institute

PROTECTION AGAINST HARMFUL RAYS: The barrier over which the man is working is of thick wood-covered lead to protect the body from the harmful effect of the potent rays given off by radium

LIQUID AIR being pumped into a phial in which is a tube containing radon gas. The liquid air freezes and separates the impurities in the gas

RADIUM EXPERTS IN CAVES

These scientists are engaged in the production of radon gas, which is obtained from liquid radium. It is to be distributed to hospitals throughout the country to be used instead of radium wherever possible. For ordinary medical purposes radon has almost the same properties as actual radium but it is active for only a few days, thus minimising its danger should it be dispersed by high explosive

THE PETROL WORLD

BEFOGGED MOTORING AUTHORITIES

Valueless Black-out Concessions which Prove the Inexperience of Those Who Make Them

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE authorities have very graciously informed motorists that when fog is very thick they may use the near-side headlamp without a mask provided it is controlled by a separate switch and no fog-lamp is carried. Such a concession is typical of the Government so far as motoring matters are concerned. I would very much like to see Sir John Anderson driving his own car in a pea-souper along any main road with the near-side lamp full on. The concession is, of course, completely valueless and no one but a lunatic would try to take advantage of it. Any motorist who has driven his car when visibility is about five yards knows perfectly well that even the light from a subdued side-lamp makes progress more difficult than if no lights at all were in operation.

As I have said in these notes more times than I care to count, the authorities who issue regulations about motor cars should drive their own vehicles in the prevailing conditions. By issuing ridiculous concessions, such as the one I mention, they merely show themselves up as people without any motoring experience whatever.

The great muddle of roadside islands still continues. I noticed the other day two or three had been removed from the main Portsmouth Road about 2 miles on the London side of Guildford. Like those on Putney Hill, I expect they were so frequently demolished that something had to be done about it. When the Ministry of Transport, or whatever Government department deals with such matters, has enough sense to invite some practical motorist to join their staff, the country will be saved a considerable amount of money. These islands which have been removed must have cost many pounds to construct, and just because the authorities that exist at the moment were unable to light them properly, they have had to be removed and more money thrown down the sink.

Apart from the expense, pedestrians, who have every sympathy from right-thinking motorists, are deprived of these refuges, which I presume were originally erected for their safety. If I were a member of the committee or the council of the Pedestrians Association I would start a first-class agitation to have these islands restored, but then I am presuming that the Pedestrians Association is a body which exists merely to increase the safety of people on foot whilst using the roads.

Last week I published a very sincere plea to owners of motor cars not to give up motoring in the New Year. To those who have not yet made their decision I would once again ask them to give the matter very serious consideration and to make a mental note of how they would have fared this coming Christmas if they had not their own motor cars.

I feel certain that any owner of a car who has to travel during the coming week will use his vehicle rather than a train. At the same time I am perfectly certain that those who do travel by rail will return to their own homes quite convinced that no matter what it costs they will re-licence their cars on January 1. For this reason, perhaps, it would be a better idea for all motorists to try a journey by train this coming Christmas time.

In these notes and on many previous occasions I have slated the authorities for being completely impractical, but they have just issued a regulation which I think will please every right-thinking driver. I refer to that which now makes it an offence to park a car during the hours of the black-out in such a way that the off-side of the car is in close proximity to the kerb. None of us motorists will in any way criticise this regulation and no one who contravenes it will have our sympathy. The only pity is that it was not introduced ages ago, for even in peace-time parking in such a way was a dangerous practice. After all, a fog in the piping times of peace produced conditions which approximated very closely to the present black-out.

Perhaps this one piece of evidence of right thinking in high quarters is evidence that by some chance or other a real practical motorist has obtained a position amongst those who are responsible for making motoring regulations. If so, I would remind him that the good work which he has done can be followed up by many other regulations which would meet with the hearty approval of all sensible motorists and would tend to diminish the appalling road casualty lists and add to the convenience and safety of all road users.

For instance, there is no reason whatever why a car or a taxi-cab should turn round in a busy street and thereby hold up traffic in both directions. Taxi-cabs, too, should not be permitted to wander round aimlessly, looking for fares, nor should they be permitted to park in the centre of the road during the hours of darkness. I should also like to see it made an offence for any owner of a car even during the hours of daylight to park his vehicle in a narrow street within a certain distance of any other parked car on the opposite side. There are many streets in London, and no doubt in other cities, where traffic is congested because there are cars parked on each side of the road exactly opposite one another. In a way it is a pity that regulations of this description should even have to be thought of, for if only motorists would consider others besides themselves they would never park or even drive their vehicles in a manner which inconveniences other users of the road.

I have seen reports that some car drivers have been tampering with the official headlamp masks so as to obtain a greater amount of illumination. I sincerely trust that the police will watch very carefully that the official lighting regulations are strictly adhered to. The present official mask gives quite a reasonable amount of light if properly fitted and there is no excuse for drivers to tamper with it in order to obtain more light.

Talking of the official lamp shield many drivers may have noticed that when a car approaches them with one fitted the headlamp appears to flicker. This is due to the fact that the top beam is cut off at a very definite line and the rays from the lamp in the normal way do not strike the eyes of the approaching driver. When the front of the approaching car goes over a bump in the road the beam is raised and again lowered which gives the impression that the bulb itself is flickering. To prove that this is the case one has only to notice those very useful A.A. reflector posts at night time. They appear to light up and go dark as one approaches them, due to the same fact, that the front of one's car is continually raising and lowering itself according to the surface of the road.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

It will be of interest to readers to learn that on Sunday, November 12, fifty-three boys of the Fortescue House School, Twickenham, one of the branches of this Society, were Confirmed at St. Mary's Parish Church, Twickenham, by the Bishop of Kensington. The Bishop has long been a valued friend of the Society, and takes a keen interest in the welfare of the children under its care. The Committee endeavour to train all the children in their Homes to become good and useful citizens, and any contributions to help this valuable work will be greatly appreciated. Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Two Hotels by the Sea Which Invite One to Laze in Their Peaceful Atmosphere

IT may on first thoughts savour of unpatriotism to write of idleness in times of war, but there must come a time, no matter what form of national service we are engaged on, when we shall gladly embrace the opportunity for idleness, be it named holiday or that more blessed word termed leave.

Our English climate is not on the whole kindly disposed towards those who would seek pleasant days of indolence in the early months of the year, yet there are spots so strategically protected by nature that they rarely experience the severities of winter's grip.

Two such places I have recently visited, and it is apt that the first, St. Mawes on the Roseland Peninsula of South Cornwall, can offer us an hotel with the delectable name of Idle Rocks.

If first impressions are of real importance, the approach must be by the little ferry steamer which plies to and from Falmouth several times a day. Idle Rocks! The water lapping lazily on the hotel's rocky footstool. The sun accentuating that pristine whiteness which is such a feature of so many Cornish dwellings. Casement windows wide open. Colourful curtains flapping in the gentle breeze. And all this in winter, too.

If you and your wife want a break from the rush of work-a-day existence, or if you are about to take to yourself a life partner, let Idle Rocks Hotel, St. Mawes, be your choice. For preference, ask for No. 7 room, though they are all good. Colour-washed walls. Spick and spanness. Perfectly simple, yet simply perfect. And more than that, you will feel more at home than an hotel visitor, for the work-a-day owners are the reverse of the take-it-or-leave-it type.

In summer, when bathing is to be had from the doorstep, and the water tempts one to take a header from one's bedroom window, the world and his wife compete for this lotus existence. And though prices are then high, the demand for accommodation ever exceeds the supply. So now is the time to go there, when the weather is often summery and prices are ridiculously low. Idle luxury from as little as 3 guineas a week.

Here a car is really unnecessary, because the waterways predominate over the roads. For quickness, take the train to Truro, and for a pound you can be whisked out to Idle Rocks and from then onwards you will stay put.

In these days there is much to be said for pitching one's tent within sight and sound of water. It was on my return eastward to Plymouth that I deliberately hugged the coast road to revisit a guest-house which stands high in my esteem. I always knew that the Wide Sea Guest House at Downderry was consistent in its quality, but to substantiate my views I took on this occasion two critical friends with me and watched their reactions. "What a lovely tea," was the first remark as scones and Cornish cream were devoured. "Never have we slept on such comfortable beds." Perhaps a hackneyed remark, but knowing the beds they had left the previous day—the best of their kind—I was impressed.

But the final test was to be their reactions when the bill was presented to them the next morning. "Are you sure," they whispered to me aside, "there has not been a mistake?" "It's so ridiculously cheap." But I was able to reassure them. And so my previous verdict was more than endorsed.

Essentially a guest-house and not an hotel, the youthful proprietress has a great understanding of the art of cooking, presentation, and the value of little personal attentions.

Many a good judge is accustomed to staying at that simple guest-house where one can idle away the days with a panorama of the wide sea in front. Here is peace and plenty in profusion.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

D. J. C., Sevenoaks.—For the winter months you need not look beyond the Rosemullion Hotel at Budleigh Salterton, in South Devon. Whatever you may ultimately decide for yourself, you will not find an hotel or a place better suited to your requirements. It is an hotel which is permeated by real family pride. And you will be able to live comfortably and at 5 guineas a week really cheaply. Budleigh Salterton itself is an unspoilt spot, and is a great favourite amongst people who have lived abroad.

P. J. C., Somewhere in England.—In the strictest confidence, you can add to your prospective honeymoon list the following, bearing in mind that you want country life and plenty of opportunity for riding: Eastern Court, Chagford, at the foot of Dartmoor, a lovable little spot; the George at Alfriston, that tranquil village which nestles in the fold of the Sussex Downs. The George is a real find, genuinely old, yet modernised to the extent of central heating in one's bedroom. A perfect place indeed for honeymoons. For the New Forest, make a note of the Montagu Arms, Beaulieu, or if you like more of a country house hotel write to Burley Manor Hotel, which is in the heart of the forest.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

CRACKERS FOR CHRISTMAS

Family reunions this Christmas will be greater than ever. To complete the festive scene, however, a colourful display of crackers on the table is well-nigh essential and Messrs. Tom Smith and Co. Ltd., long-established experts in the manufacture of these adjuncts to party joys, have introduced many fresh novelties to meet the great demands which will be made on them. Notable among these is "Our Services," a box of patriotic crackers containing realistic headdresses of the three services.

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WHY WAR?

By Charles Spencelayh

THE ACADEMY PICTURE OF THE YEAR

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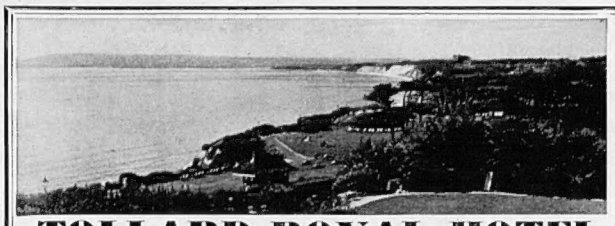
SPECIALLY FITTED AIR RAID SHELTERS. Write for Christmas Programme.



And this can be your bedroom view at

TOLLARD ROYAL HOTEL BOURNEMOUTH

Terms and details from Miss P. E. WOOLCOCK

FOR the dignity of the past and the improvements of modern times.

The Kings Hotel Brighton

Specially reduced terms for long term residence.

HOLNE PARK HOTEL, ASHBURTON, S. DEVON

Come and fish, feast, and forget, at this first-class Country House Hotel, situated on perhaps the most beautiful stretch of the River Dart. Here indeed Nature dominates over thoughts of war. Let us send you our Brochure.

Winter Terms from **3½ Gns.**

PRIORY HOTEL, EXETER ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH

In sunny, sheltered position, **midway between Square and Pier,** offers quiet dignified comfort to Winter Visitors. Three lounges with coal fires and radiators. Cheery dining-room. Good food and service. Spotless cleanliness. All bedrooms hot and cold water, gas fires, steam radiators and excellent beds.

Terms from **4 gns.** *'Phone 1851 'Grams Sunny*

EASTON COURT, CHAGFORD, DEVON

We are still going strong. Neither petrol restrictions nor black-outs preclude those who are appreciative of that blessed word "tranquility" from seeking us out. Here at the foot of Dartmoor we live and rejoice in the pursuits of the country, or in just eating, sleeping, reading, and talking.

Winter Terms from **3½ gns.**

COOMBE HOUSE HOTEL, NR. SHAFTESBURY, DORSET

Away from the atmosphere of war. Situation healthy and beautiful. Every comfort. Trains met Semley Station by appointment. *Tel.: Shaftesbury 130*

Terms from **4 gns.** for extended stay.

RAVEN HOTEL, DROITWICH SPA, WORCESTERSHIRE

Droitwich Brine Baths for the Treatment of Rheumatism and Allied Complaints. This four-star Hotel, opposite the Baths, provides homely comforts and genuine English catering, 100 rooms, Lift, Central Heating, Night Porter. The hotel is fully described with photographs in our Brochure "Life Worth While." May we send you a copy? Droitwich 2224-5.

Terms from **4½ gns.** a week

MAER BAY HOTEL, EXMOUTH, SOUTH DEVON

For Winter or permanent residence, it would be difficult to discover a more perfect situation than the sunny estuary of the Exe. The Hotel is famous for its comfort and cuisine and occupies a sheltered position facing south, overlooking the sea and glorious coast of Devon. Golf, Tennis, Riding, Fishing are available. Fully licensed. Recommended A.A. & R.A.C.

Inclusive Terms from **4 gns.** per week.

WOODSIDE HOTEL, HAILSHAM, SUSSEX

Safety without Solitude! For we are only 6 miles from Eastbourne, and lie in 6½ acres of grounds off the London—Eastbourne road. We have all modern conveniences such as central heating and H. and C.; and as we are a Country Club as well, there is always congenial company.

Terms from **3½ gns.**

BOSCARN HOTEL, LOOE, SOUTH CORNWALL

Safety, Sands and Sunshine. Here is a perfect place for your family, far from the madding War. Here they can enjoy contentment of mind, beauty of environment and Cornish produce fresh from local farms. A first-class hotel on the water's edge. Special terms for children.

From **4 gns.** per week.

MANOR HOUSE HOTEL, MUNDESLEY-ON-SEA, NORFOLK

Each year, many who appreciate good food, good wines and good service, winter with us. They are also appreciative of the joys of central heating and good fires, should the weather turn cold. Yet, on the whole, we enjoy a wonderful climate, and there are few days when one cannot be out on the 18-hole golf course.

Weekly Terms from **3½ gns.** Month or longer

MOOR HALL HOTEL, NINFIELD, Nr. BATTLE, SUSSEX

A safe and sunny spot, self-contained (11 acres) and self-supporting—even to growing our own bacon. Horses to ride, tennis courts to play on, rabbits to shoot. Such is an indication of life at "the hotel with a country house atmosphere." Resident Props.: Mr. & Mrs. Eric Johnson. Tel. Ninfield 30.

Terms from **3 gns.**

THE GRANVILLE HOTEL, ST. MARGARET'S BAY, KENT

A Winter Sun-trap, sheltered from the North, in a peaceful reception area, and surrounded by good golf courses, this modernly equipped and long established hotel has always appealed to those people of good taste who seek relaxation from the travails of every-day life.

Terms from **4 Gns.**

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA, SUSSEX

An hotel of dignity and solidity, built to withstand the onslaughts of weather . . . and even war. A favourite hotel to winter in. A sun-trap, and a sanctuary for all who appreciate that blessed feeling of . . . peace.

Terms from **5 gns.** inclusive

BEAUFORT HOTEL, TINTERN, WYE VALLEY

The famous Abbey faces us. The loveliness of the Wye Valley surrounds us. To stay with us is to remain, for here good fires, good cooking and good service make the perfect alliance.

Terms **5 gns.** inclusive

CLEMATIS COTTAGE HOTEL, WASHINGTON, nr. WORTHING

A haven of content and character for a week-end or longer in the fold of the Sussex downs. Noted in particular for its cooking, and its home-made cakes, as well as for the discerning people who repeatedly stay there. Easy access to the sea, as well as the West Sussex Golf Club at Pulborough.

Inclusive Winter Terms from **3 Gns.**

IN THE VALE OF ETERNAL BEAUTY

MOUNT CRAIG HOTEL, *Near* ROSS-ON-WYE

Here at this country home of charm it is good to live . . . always

PEACE IN THE FOREST

Forest ponies as placid as ever. Cattle browsing in our acres of meadowland. The sunlight playing daily on our lake. Fruit and garden produce awaiting your daily consumption. Come now.

BURLEY MANOR HOTEL

AT BURLEY HEART OF THE NEW FOREST

A beautifully equipped first-class hotel run on first-class lines by the new Resident Proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. H. Dakin Markham. *'Phone: Burley 70*

For A QUIET Christmas

Plus the warmth and good fare at a first-class hotel—Come to

Queen's Hotel, PENZANCE

With 100 bedrooms, modern bathrooms and lift we can offer you every comfort.

Telephone: 241/2 *Telegrams: Seaward*

SELSDON PARK HOTEL

SANDERSTEAD - - - SURREY

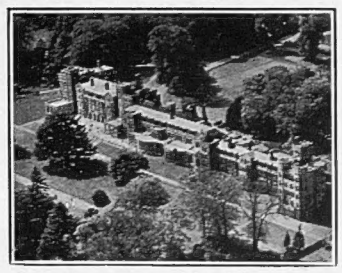
'Phone: Sanderstead 2031

Unique for War time residence or rest

Over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills, yet only half an hour from the heart of London.

FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,430 yards)

Illustrated brochure free on request.



Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. REMOTE FROM OTHER BUILDINGS, IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES, IN A NEUTRAL AREA. Adequate subterranean gas-proof air raid shelter, protected by four reinforced concrete floors. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Over 150 rooms, the majority with private bathroom. Moderate inclusive terms.

On outbreak of hostilities we reduced terms 20% to 25%. No increase has been made in these terms and there is no avoidable alteration in standard.

THE ROYAL GLEN HOTEL SIDMOUTH

'Phone 221

The Hotel with a Country House atmosphere, situated in picturesque grounds adjoining the esplanade.

DIET A SPECIALITY.

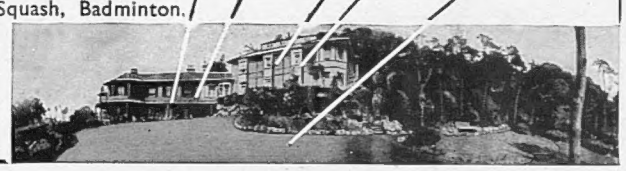
Terms Moderate and Inclusive. Resident Proprietors: Mr. and Mrs. W. Martin.

PARK HALL TORQUAY

within sight and sound of the sea. Moderate terms include FREE GOLF (18 holes). Tennis, Squash, Badminton. Bridge. Refurnished and redecorated throughout.

Write for Brochure "P."

'Phone Torquay 3434



AND HERE IS PEACE . . . in a sheltered park of 60 acres, a sun-trap 400 feet up, an hospitable hotel for residence during the dark days of winter and war. London under an hour by train. Sporting golf course in the grounds.

THE SPA HOTEL ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

First-class in comfort, cooking and service. 85 rooms and suites.

Write to S. Hancock, Director, for tariff-booklet entitled "And here is peace."

Telephone: Tunbridge Wells 1911

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Ashburton (S. Devon).—Holne Park Hotel.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. & R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Priory Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton.—The Kings Hotel.
Burley (New Forest).—Burley Manor Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chagford (Devon).—Easton Court.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
Crowborough (Sussex).—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Maer Bay Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Mundesley-on-Sea (Norfolk).—Manor Hse. Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ninfield (nr. Battle).—Moor Hall Hotel. Tel. 30.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Paignton.—Ravenswood. Cliff Road.
Penzance (Cornwall).—Queen's Hotel.
Plympton (nr. Plymouth).—Elfordleigh Hotel.
Ross-on-Wye.—Mount Craig Hotel.
St. Leonard's-on Sea.—Royal Victoria Hotel.
St. Margaret's Bay (Kent).—The Granville Htl.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Shaftesbury (Dorset).—Coombe House Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone 221.
Tintern.—Beaufort Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 109.
Washington (Sussex).—Clematis Cottage Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Dorset Square Hotel. Off Baker St., N.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl. Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

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A Happy Xmas with Craven A

This is the DESK TIN
100 for 5/10

25 for 1/5½ • 40 for 2/4
50 for 2/11 • 100 for 5/10
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This is the FLAT POCKET TIN
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MORE and more people are smoking Craven 'A' because these famous Cork-Tipped cigarettes are fresher, cooler—*smoother to the throat.* You can be certain you are choosing a gift which will be thoroughly appreciated if you send all your friends Craven 'A' this Christmas.

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